Mystery and Thrills!—Franks Case Defense Analyzed

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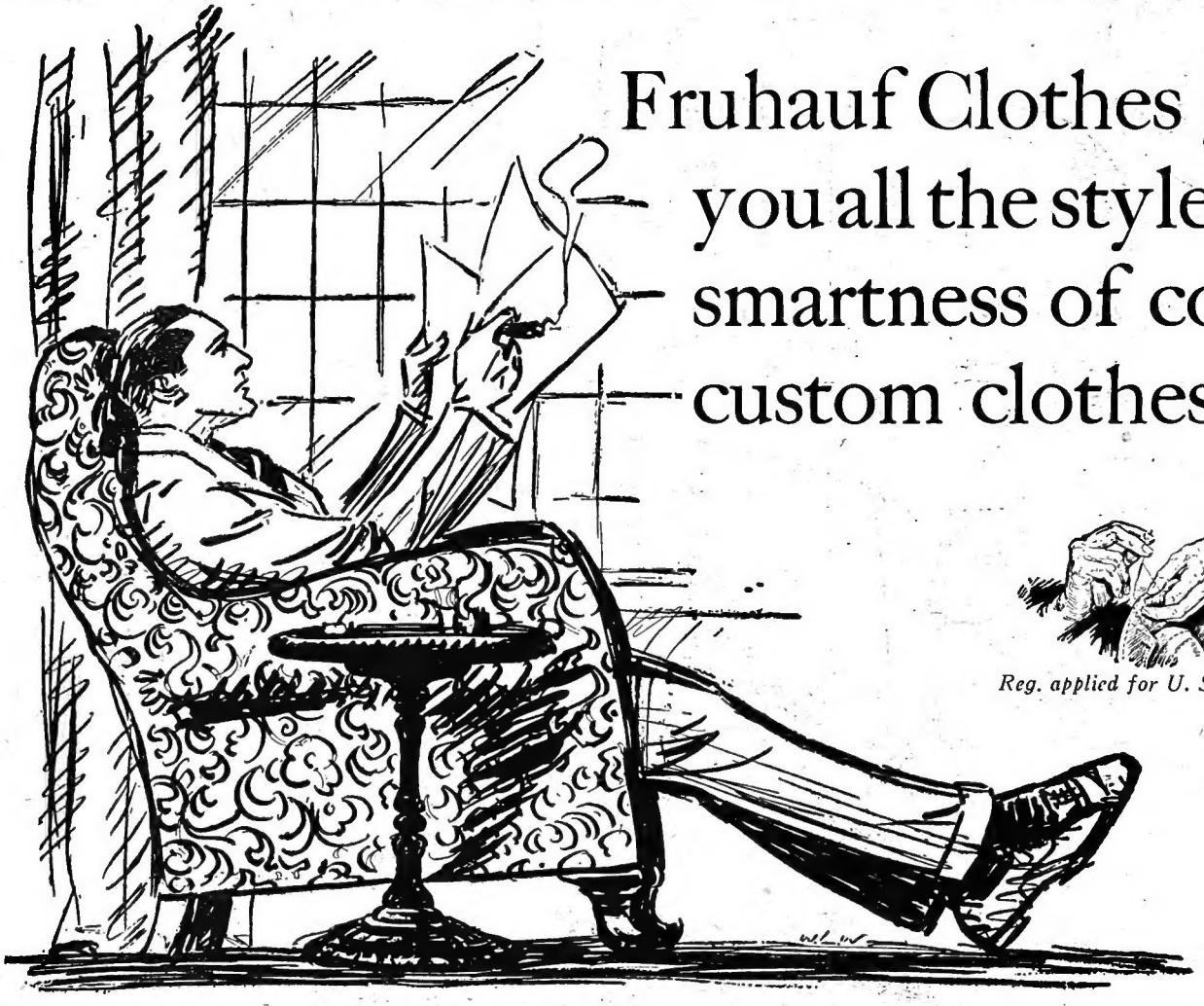

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Characters in the Franks Case

Top, left to right: Richard A. Loeb; Robert Franks, the murdered boy; Nathan F. Leopold. Centre: The two prisoners with State's Attorney Crowe and two of his assistants (seated) and detectives who made the arrest. Below, left to right: State's Attorney Crowe, Clarence Darrow, defense lawyer, and Judge John R. Caverly, who will try the case

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Are the Franks Slayers Insane—Or Criminals?

Remarkable Murder by Two Highly Educated Chicago Youths Authoritatively Analyzed by Expert Criminologist

By DR. CARLETON SIMON

Special Deputy Commissioner in charge of Narcotics Bureau, New York Police Department

Lecturer on Criminology to the Detective School

ON May 21st, 1924, an atrocious murder in Chicago filled the hearts of women and men everywhere with horror. Parents all over the land are wondering whether conditions such as led two highly intellectual students to kill a boy surround their children also.

Two youths, Nathan F. Leopold, Jr., 19 years of age, and Richard A. Loeb, 18 years, both heirs to millions and reared in luxury and comfort, both college graduates and students of high intellectual attainments, jointly kidnapped and brutally murdered thirteen-year-old Robert Franks, who was well known to them and who also was an heir to millions. One of the murderers had attracted wide attention through his work as an ornithologist and the other had won repute as a linguist.

In their confessions of the crime is shown a remarkably cool and deliberate premeditation. This was especially evidenced by their painstaking preparations, by the methodical and cunningly laid plan for stealing a typewriter, by their making rough drafts of all notes and telephone messages in advance so that there would be no slip in their plans and by their composing several days before the actual kidnapping and murder of Robert Franks, a note having for its ostensible purpose the demand for $10,000 as ransom.

Another proof of this was the renting of an automobile through an extremely cleverly devised ruse involving the use of a false name, the most minute precautions being taken against the possibility of identification.

Further premeditation was shown in the purchase of both the chisel and the rope used in the murder and in the obtaining of hydrochloric acid wherewith to burn the face of the murdered boy so that his body could not be recognized or identified. The murderers also obtained rags for the purpose of gagging their victim and

The Great Question

The Franks murder in Chicago put before the public conscience the following questions:

Is modern education responsible for the crime? (The two youths at 18 and 19 are accomplished scholars, studying languages and works worthy of far older brains.)

Is lack of moral education responsible? (The two youths had been brought up without special moral or religious training.)

Is too great wealth responsible? (The two youths had been reared in luxury with ample spending accounts.)

Is the spirit of present-day youth responsible? (The two lads were of the fast-living college boy type.)

Is degeneracy responsible? (There was a suspicion of this but it seems to have been practically dissipated.)

There remained a question that if answered in the affirmative would make all other questions unnecessary. It was:

Is insanity responsible?

That question Dr. Simon answers as a criminologist and answers with convincing and inescapable logic. Not only will his article settle for most minds the question whether insanity should be accepted as a defense in this case, but his analysis of the affair will give even a casual reader a well-grounded insight into the basic elements involved in a criminologist's investigation of such a murder.

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provided themselves with a pair of field glasses with which to watch various boys at a distance until they were able to select from among them a promising victim.

In order to prevent being traced they transferred all the paraphernalia intended for the killing into the rented car. It is admitted by them that these plans occupied their attention for many months before the actual slaying. One of the lads even provided himself with rubber boots to enable him to deposit the body of the victim in a swamp or lake without getting his own clothes wet. This crime was planned with a minuteness of detail and with precautions to elude detection so elaborate as to be unparalleled in recent criminal history.

THE families of the boys are highly respectable, conservative folk; both lads have remarkable intellects and so far excell the average of their college classmates that they seem to be precocious. Because of these facts and because their families have great wealth, people generally are puzzled to account for their commiting so heinous a murder.

In another direction this murder has upset all theories formerly held as to the part that education plays in our moral lives—at least such education as these youths have had. The theory that crimes of this character are perpetrated only by those who have not had the blessing of suitable home environment obviously falls to the ground. Such offenses have been ascribed solely to the children of parents forced by poverty to deprive them of proper environment and education. This theory is no longer tenable.

The only defense the two families can offer, so far as a startled public can now conjecture, is that the acts of the two lads were the result of insanity. Therefore it is particularly interesting and of special value to the police and other law-enforcing agencies, that a clear and definite analysis be made of the fundamental principles underlying the question of criminal responsibility or insane irresponsibility. Also that these established principles be applied to this case.

This analysis may be helpful in explaining the mental processes that basically influenced and so malignantly guided these young men. It may also serve to determine if the young men involved can successfully plead insanity as a defense.

IN order to arrive at a decision as to whether they are victims of insanity or of criminal instinct various salient features in their particular lives must be analyzed and the rules for medico legal tests applied.

In doing this certain outstanding features in their histories appear significant. Some of these are: the influence of their wealth upon the youths' lives; their intellectuality, their egotism, their adolescence; the question of moral responsibility. Only by a comprehensive study of these factors can a definite conclusion be reached.

Many years ago, a great alienist, Maudsley, pointed out that there is something in common between the habitual criminal and the insane. "In the great majority of cases the difference is perceivable," he wrote, "but in many others the line of demarcation is extremely attenuated." By examining this case under the various headings enumerated we shall be able to reach a just conclusion as to whether insanity exists or not. The egotism shown by the two slayers shall be our first subject of inquiry.

THE EGO

THE most unstable of all mental attributes is the ego. This in almost every form of insanity shows definite changes from the normal.

The knowledge of being, of living, of a capacity to receive impressions of the external world is consciousness. With self consciousness comes a realization or cognition of living, knowledge that there is a personality in our body, that it possesses a conscious receiving station.

This personal experience and consciousness is our ego. Without it time, space and reality would be obliterated. Around this center all human effort turns—through its lens, life assumes color, reality. Without it, life as we know it—for the individual at least—would cease to exist. The ego's normal function is to enable man to live to enjoy higher ideals.

When Philips Brooks returned after his first trip abroad he said: "America is the centre of the world. Boston is the hub of America. My church is the centre of Boston and I am the centre of it."

In like manner every individual is conscious of his own individuality as the radiating nucleus, as far at least as he is concerned, of the world.

The ego is a complex and highly organized mental mechanism. It may be normal, exalted or depressed. We may have a profound depression of the ego leading to impulse to suicide or a delusion of unworthiness. In such instances we have associated with this depression an intense suspicion, a fear of our own actions, of passing events, of the opinions of others. In these cases the personality of self is submerged, but the individualities of others are intensified and magnified.

AS a striking antithesis, or opposite condition affecting the mind, we have an exalted ego. With this exaltation we find a supreme opinion of personal self-importance, a tremendous magnifying of the individual accompanied by a diminished opinion of others. It obscures every other mental view, and tinctures and permeates all life. Most significant among its manifestations is an exaltation of purpose.

There are individuals with imaginations and an unchecked or ill-balanced egotism whose every effort in the field of human endeavor is of a destructive tendency—is marked by indifference to the rights and property of others. An exaggerated ego carries them away from that logical and well balanced mental accomplishment that is so necessary to high endeavor.

Men of this type present an appearance of intellectuality, normalcy and superiority that would lead the casual observer to assume they are sane and responsible for their acts. The mental stimulation and overgrowth from the normal, however, fixes them as abnormal.

The presence of a superior mind, means possession of exceptional ability along specific lines. Possessors of such minds because of their easily impressed mentality, have some times marvelous capacity to absorb languages or show a genius for mathematics or music. Usually such young folk have overstimulated their mental faculties to a point where there comes a break that brings a sudden release of emotional impulses, usually suppressed. These impulses then leap out of bounds and beyond proper control.

EDUCATION AND MORALITY

TRUE morality is of wide application in life and covers many things besides sex morality although, of course

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it includes it. An important question that arises in this tragic case is whether there exists in the two slayers moral insanity, or moral imbecility, a defect which does not affect the intellectual ability. In fact, many men of genius have been morally defective the same as others have been color blind or incapable of appreciating music.

In those suffering from moral imbecility or moral insanity, we may find inordinate cruelty, morbid ideas, illogical projects, or intense erratic demands which are some times called imperative impulses. These come to the surface of such minds with a force that cannot be

Carleton Simon, M. D.

denied. In cases of imperative conceptions the freedom of moral action is absent. The individual obeys absolutely these mental impulses, being incapable of rejecting them or of controlling them by the reason.

Presence of such imperative impulses may be the sole symptom that denotes the insanity present. It is remarkable that a great many who are morally insane achieve great things intellectually.

The moral defective may have a splendid memory. There may be present great cunning and resourcefulness but there is usually also present a tremendous enlargement of conceit that leads him into the belief that his nimble mind is capable of defeating all pursuers by weaving a defense in which consummate lying and treacherous subterfuge play the most conspicuous parts.

Criminals of the degenerate type are instinctively such because of their vice, their moral depravity and their degenerated mental and physical heritage.

Our prisons hold thousands of criminals who rank high intellectually and who are recruited from every vocation and every profession. Their intellectuality is of no value to these men, for in spite of their education many of them are crafty and habitual hardened criminals. Their high mental attainments do no more for them than to furnish astuteness and cunning that they use for the commission of crime and to elude detection.

Without the anchorage which an ethical sense provides, the intellectuality of such men becomes warped and is directed into channels where emotions have full play and where personal egotism assumes control.

A CHILD whose intelligence is abnormal is in danger. If flamboyant ideas are not guarded against, restrained and directed into channels that are normal, the emotional nature assumes too great a dominion over all the other mental faculties.

To educate children by offering a mass of mentally indigestible knowledge to cram into immature minds unnecessary accomplishments, to crowd immaterial facts into the recesses of memory, not only is likely to develop excessive nervousness, mental instability and emotionalism but tends to develop an abnormal self importance and an egotism that seriously affects the viewpoint and the children's attitude toward the responsibilities of life.

Minds affected by moral obtuseness or imbecility often show so strong a bent toward depravity that no motive other than natural viciousness can be assigned for their criminal acts.

In these types some impulses are the result of vague sexual or expanded morbid ideas, without there being any definite motive present, such as is usually the cause of crime. In fact the want of sufficient motive in certain crimes creates difficulty in the pursuit and prosecution of persons guilty of them and also assists in establishing the diagnosis of insanity.

These mentally hair-triggered, ill-balanced or unbalanced individuals are often ring leaders and agitators of political and eccentric social reformation. Or, in some instances, they are the exponents of new and curiously fanatical creeds or cults.

EFFECTS OF ADOLESCENCE

IT is during the adolescent transition from youth to manhood that so many young people gravitate toward a criminal career. At this period the mind is receptive soil for evil precepts. Bad environment and vicious associations play their part and their unwholesome influences mar and corrupt what might be fine careers.

It may be well to survey the slow and yet at times rapid transition of youth from the age of fourteen to twenty-five. At about the age of fourteen, there comes over a boy a gradual change. The voice becomes harsh and deeper and other physical developments take place. With these changes there is shown an especially increased power to acquire knowledge. All the mental faculties become more alert and there is a tremendous stimulation of observation. As adolescence goes on these changes are even more rapid; the moral faculties become more instable and are particularly sensitive to sexual and emotional influences.

There is generally also present a lack of responsibility, conjoined with an indifference to parental influence; frivolity replaces reflection and mental poise, and, most important of all, there occurs the exaggeration of the ego previously referred to.

Like the sap in a tree that goes upward in the spring time—the spirit of life steadily rise and fills the minds of growing lads with new sensations—with new revelations.

We have always heard of poverty as a great cause of crime—yet wealth also plays its part, leading to errors of living, to luxury, to vice and to a disregard for the rules of decorum. Especially is this found true of sudden wealth, which first creates in some individuals a desire for orgies of dissipation and then provides the

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means to participate in them. Such indulgence is, of course, destructive to moral stability and to consideration for the rights and safety of others.

In the Franks case the same vast wealth which gave the two youths their means of following paths of luxury into sin is now at their command in a hysterical parental determination to save them from consequences of that wrongdoing into which indulgence helped to lead them.

A writer recently discussing this case wrote:

"More and more the people of Chicago are beginning to learn of the extent to which the children of devoutly religious parents who have grown rich in sturdy, shrewd use of vast commercial opportunities have been indulged in self-caprice out of the profits of those riches.

"Young Leopold, and Young Loeb even more, are gaining in sympathy as victims of a social order in which the parents, winning prosperity as one of the just rewards of living up to the laws of their religion, have developed a false pride which has been the destruction of their offspring, to whom they in turn did not teach straight living and religious absorption."

When such young men are permitted without the safeguard of proper moral training to carry into execution their impulsive ideas, their gift of intellectuality becomes a curse, because it creates an enormous driving force impelling them to perform acts that are daring and reckless and in total disregard of the rights of others.

THE QUESTION OF CRIMINALITY

If in cases of crime a defense of disordered reasoning ability is offered and it is proven that there was no motive for the crime—then the law considers such individual insane and irresponsible.

Should a motive be shown, however, the law holds the man a criminal, and responsible. Therefore it is a question of motive, and it is largely the presence or absence of this element which is necessary to prove general reasoning ability, that stamps the act either as the result of insanity or of crime. The question of motive is pivotal.

An insane act may exist in which motive may be present. It is this very incongruity that makes the border-line of insanity and crime so difficult of differentiation.

Were no motive apparent or were the alleged motive not consistent with the object attained, or of pure delusional type, a moral insanity might be justly pleaded. Total disregard of human ethics, and an utter indifference to human life typify the activities of a moral imbecile.

In this case, however, the motive seems to be clearly established. It was obtaining of ransom money. Even though the parents of these youths were rich, the young men wanted far more spending money than their liberal allowances provided.

The facts now elicited show also that the two youths not only showed an absolute disregard for human life, but evinced marked brutality. By a cunningly devised method by which their identity could not be traced these intellectual young men took the life of the Franks boy—with only one principal object in view, with but one principal motive—that of money.

Another important legal test of responsibility for criminal acts where the question of sanity is involved is summarized in the question, "Did the individual recognize what he was doing, and if so, did he know it was wrong?"

Both Leopold and Loeb knew what they were doing—their careful plans are proof of that fact. Also the ingenious means they devised for evading detection give ample evidence that they knew what they were doing was wrong.

There is a sharp difference between an insane delusion which dominates and controls the action of an insane mind and a mere delusion which may affect either the sane or the insane mind.

Both the insane and the sane may suffer delusions but whether the delusions of the insane be of such a character as to dominate the will and action of the accused in reference to a criminal act, is a crucial test of criminal responsibility.

In the instance of Nathan F. Leopold, Jr., and Richard A. Loeb we find that they lived in an abnormal atmosphere. They were primarily indifferent to other persons' rights and a mental exaltation left them without proper perspective of the rights of others. This idea of their own self-importance was greatly accentuated by their stations in life—important factors in which were the wealth of their families and the egotism developed by their educations.

In this murder both youths were free of will and had entire freedom of moral action. This is conclusively shown by the length of time—many months—the lads spent in planning the crime.

The murder could not have been the result of impulse—an imperative demand such as is universally recognized as an insane condition. Such an impulse would not have controlled even one person for such a great length of time.

Pleading of moral insanity or some other form of insanity is the only defense possible in this case because of the two confessions. If this be attempted, a great obstacle that cannot be surmounted will arise to confront the boys' lawyers, even though an insanity defense might otherwise be capable of being advanced for one or the other of the youths.

That obstacle is the fact that it is inconceivable that these murderers should have been simultaneously affected with the same form of insanity.

The planning of the murder, its actual execution and the agreement on a method of concealment of the body could not possibly have been so harmonious or so thoroughly co-ordinated over such a length of time were both the young men insane. Such simultaneous development of insanity in two persons would be unprecedented.

Mimicry is almost a human virtue and we have Darwin's word for it that mimicry is an inborn human attribute. Therefore—unfortunately enough—there is often emulation of such deeds of immature minds. Especially so when the acts are dictated by an abnormal conceit of mental prowess. Such emulation ofttimes leads to a veritable wave of criminal copying.

No case is on record where two insane persons plotted and co-operated so efficiently. For that reason any plea of insanity will fail.

This murder bears some of the earmarks of insanity, because of the exceptional circumstances surrounding it.

When it is reviewed calmly, however, and all the evidence available is studied from the viewpoint of the

(*Continued on page* 57)

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Unpublished Stories

"My Slavey"

Being the Account of a Case as Strange as Was That of "The Conqueror" Last Month

Transcribed by ERROL E. HART

A Real Life Problem!

Can You Solve the Double Mystery in This Heart-Stirring Case?

Just three weeks ago the captain of the Missing Persons Bureau had this puzzle thrust at him.

Exercise your wits by predicting, when half through the account of this strange affair, what the outcome will be.

Exercise them again just before the end by furnishing an explanation for the principal development in the case of "My Slavey".

TO the man of high ideals and active imagination the most fascinating berth in a police department is that in the Missing Persons Bureau. Here meet and combine the two glories of police work, public service and individual pleasure in well-doing.

The other bureaus help mankind, too, and do great things for their fellows, but in nearly all cases they must match service with sentence, assistance with arrest.

But the member of the Missing Persons Bureau can give service alone, usually without finding it necessary to punish anyone. He can return the lost one to a home filled with smiles that break through tears; he can give assistance to the sheep that has strayed from the fold without having to think of penalizing him. He gives but does not take.

Yet there are times when not everything is grateful, even to the men engaged in this Bureau of the Lost in reuniting families, restoring loved ones to their homes and in replacing woe with happiness.

Take the case of "My Slavey," as it came to be known. Its beginning, its middle and its end were all staged within the two rooms that bear the label "Detective Division—Missing Persons Bureau." And that end occurred only three short weeks ago.

Lieutenant Mitchell was at the desk by the gateway through which those who are heavy laden with sorrow pass into the inner precincts of the bureau.

To him, on a day that he will not soon forget, came one who seemed to deserve that finely descriptive term that has come to us from old France—"grande dame." Other persons were ahead of her, but she seemed not to see them. With fine assurance she moved through a lane that was granted to her as if by special right.

If the poor souls clustered about the desk were too

"I Want My Slavey," She Said

preoccupied to resent the unfeeling passage of the supercilious one, such was not the case with the Lieutenant. Rather did he harden himself toward the newcomer as he saw her sweep unnoticing past misery and unhappiness—and that without a glance. And he was to need the hardened front he assumed.

"I want you to find my slavey," was the salutation from lips that were touched with the finest colorings of the sunset—tints from the tar-pot that today incarnadines cheek or flower at the chemist's will.

The Lieutenant was taken aback. "What's that, madam?" was his queried answer.

"I want you to find my slavey—my maid."

"What has happened to her?"

"I don't know—she just vanished—walked out and never came back."

"And you would like to have us find her." Was there or was there not a subtle emphasis on the "like to have?" The grande dame looked questioningly at the Lieutenant, thought it best to let it seem that the suggestion went over her head, and then plunged along on her bulldozing path.

"Yes, I want her brought back at once!"

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The Lieutenant had done desk duty in the old Tenderloin before that place had been wiped from the map of New York by the efforts of himself and his fellows. He had done desk duty in the Tenderloin, but even in that district of many arrogances and of brass-cheeked women he thought he had never met quite the equal of this.

However duty is duty, so he put down the preliminaries. Name? Vera Sinclair. Age? Seventeen. Missing from?—and at the reply to this the Lieutenant whistled under his breath, for he knew the rather exclusive neighborhood that was suggested by the number of one of those majestic multiple mansions that rear their tapestried brick and limestone fronts along Park avenue in the restricted Forties. "Rent $7,000 at the least," he said to himself. This must be one of these new-rich folk the papers keep talking about.

He felt an extreme disinterest in this case as he moved on to the next question. Wanted her maid retrieved, did she? Probably couldn't get another maid, so wanted the police department to re-furnish her with one. He felt wonder that any maid should stay long with what he figured the woman to be—a hellion, as he would have put it. So the question rolled forth mechanically:

"Missing since when?" "Oh, since—let me see—the exact date was January 27—a Friday."

Putting it down as mechanically as it was uttered the Lieutenant tallied mentally, "February, March, April, May—four months." As the sum of his tally struck home to him he found opportunity—a welcome and a perfectly legitimate opportunity—to strike back at this bedizened giver of orders.

"That's four months, madam," said he with oily politeness. "How do you expect us to trace her after that length of time. We won't even be able to get a clew to her."

"That's your business—I want my slavey back. Besides it's not four months—it's sixteen months. She ran away in January, 1923."

THE Lieutenant was then, as now a polite man. But this calm assertion that he had to find a maid-servant who had been missing for sixteen months badly wrenched even his self-command.

Yet all he would permit himself to say was: "Are you sure you came to the right place? Are you sure you don't want a mind-reader or a telepathist or something like that?"

"Don't you be impertinent. I want my slavey back and if you don't tend to the job I'll take you right down to the Mayor."

"And I believe she would have done it, too," said the Lieutenant afterward in telling of the interview. "She didn't have me scared, no-sirree!—but I just thought she was too much for me to handle and I'd just turn her over to the chief."

That in fact was what he did. He took her in to Captain John H. Ayers, his commander.

"She wants her slavey," was the way the Lieutenant explained the affair. He had a rush case, uptown he said, and hurried out.

"MY husband, Michael Nicoll, lends money to the city—he's a partner in Kauffman & Nicoll that buy city bonds, and I can go to the Mayor direct if I don't get attention here," was the woman's auspicious opening with Captain Ayers.

"My dear madam," replied the suave voice of a man whose first police work had been down on the East River waterfront among women who matched her in type—if not in reputation, "we will of course do anything we can for you. Won't you tell me first about this case? We will need all the information we can get and photographs of this maid if we are to find her."

"To begin with, why is it you wish to find a mere servant—a slavey as you English folk call her?"

"I'm not English—even if I have lived many years in England," broke in his visitor. "I'm an American and I'm entitled to have you find this girl. She'd no business running away from the only home she ever had—a kind, good home if ever there was one!"

"You realize we cannot compel her to return to you?"

"Oh, yes you can. She's under age, and if you find her she'll come back to me rather than be sent to some home—I'd prosecute her for waywardness in running away."

"I don't understand, madam. How could you prosecute her when she's only an employe?"

"Of course I can prosecute her. Wasn't my house the only home she ever had. Wasn't I responsible for her just the same as if I had adopted her when I took her from the orphanage. Of course I can make her come back."

"You took her from an orphanage?"

"Yes, over in Jersey, when she was nine years old. She has worked for me ever since, and I've paid her well and treated her like one of my own. Treated her too well, I guess."

"Well, then what made her run away."

"Don't know. Just natural foolishness I guess. After all the education I gave her, too, bringing her up like a young lady. That's the result of helping people—they turn on you. Why she even ran away the afternoon before my bridge party, the ungrateful trollop."

"How long has the girl been gone?"

"Since January 27, 1923."

"Whooee!" came the half-whistled remark. Everything savoring of good-humor died out of the eyes of the policeman, his jaw set. He looked his highly decorated visitor through and through. She writhed a little under the searching glance, but finally called up her defensive reserves—

"Well, what of it?"

"First, let me get this straight. How do you remember that she vanished on January 27, 1923?"

"Easy; I marked it on the calendar, so as to dock her wages when she came back."

"So you still owe her money. How much?"

"About ten dollars."

"And she has never come back nor sent for it?"

"Not a word."

"Strange for a maid to do that. They're usually keen about money. You reported this at the time of course?"

"No, I kept thinking she would come back."

"Do you mean to tell me that you have never reported this girl's disappearance in nearly a year and a half?"

"Precisely."

Famed for his success in getting the truth out of people, Captain Ayers had found the direct shot most effective with the more brazen types. So he fired point-blank—

"Why?"

"Just because I didn't care to—until now. I just made up my mind today I was going to have her back,

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so instead of going to the Mayor I came in here direct."

"Why do you want her back now?"

"I don't want any harm to come to her. I want to see her protected."

"Then why didn't you try to save her from harm all those sixteen months—why didn't you want her protected then?"

This was good ammunition, well aimed. But Mrs. Michael Nicoll wore bullet-proof armor. "Say, I'd think I was the runaway to hear you ask questions. You can't browbeat me. I'll go right to the Commissioner and the Mayor."

The Captain rose and with a polite salaam offered her escort to the door. "The Commissioner's office is right at the other end of the hall on the floor above," said he. But before she stirred he tried the fresh ammunition he had held in reserve.

"There's something queer about this case—and I don't mind telling you so. Your sudden rush to get the girl back after not making a move for sixteen months is a little too much for me. What happened—has the girl fallen heir to some money?"

"No—nothing of the sort. You're getting childish."

"Now you had better go in and see the Commissioner, Mrs. Nicoll. Tell him I'm childish. He'll give you a good man for this case."

The haughty visitor rose to go, her effrontery undiminished. "I will go right to the Commissioner. I want my slavey back."

The Captain opened his private door for the exit of his visitor. As she stepped toward its threshold he said, with slow, deliberate articulation:

"But don't tell him that your other girl has just left you."

Like a flash the woman turned on him.

"Who told you that?"

"Come back and sit down," said the Captain; "you and I want to talk."

There ensued a long conversation in which the Captain learned all that was possible about the affair—which wasn't much. When Mrs. Nicoll offered a detailed description of the girl and how she was dressed on January 27, 1923, the Captain took it down with the remark, "This is just no use at all to us now. The next day—yes, it might have been useful then. The only suggestion I get here is that she had long red-gold hair and a complexion to go with it. The first thing she would do in order to hide herself would be to bob her hair—so we might have traced her through the barbers then. But now—how can we trace a girl without even a clew?"

"That's your business," was the uncompromising reply.

A DAY of routine hunting for a lost girl followed. Two days! But the second day was not without incident. Mrs. Nicoll called the Captain in the afternoon.

"How about my slavey?" was her 'phoned query.

"You mean your maid, Vera," bluntly replied the Captain.

"Yes—certainly. You know I do." Mrs. Nicoll still could not leave that acrid tang out of her words. "No news yet," said the Captain, "but we are working."

"Well, don't forget that dinner party I told you about is only four days off," was the stubborn reply. The Captain's face puckered wryly. He spat viciously.

On the following day there were results:

"Why this girl"—was the report of Donaldson, the man first put on the affair—"wasn't a slavey—she was a slave. She never had a day off, never had a chance to go anywhere. You can't blame her for running off, I'll tell you. She was the cook and the upstairs girl and the ladies' maid and the nurse all at once."

"Nurse?"

"Yes, Mrs. Nicoll has a little daughter five years old and this girl took all the care of her."

"She never said a word about that."

"No—and a lot of other things she never said a word about, I guess. When they came back from England eight years ago, just before we went into the war, Mrs. Nicoll kept this girl out of school by making an affidavit that she suffered from St. Vitus' dance and was being privately educated."

"Where'd you get this?"

"The janitor—this Nicoll woman is poison to him."

"She told me this girl was well educated."

"She is, considering. But it's no thanks to Mrs. Nicoll. The girl educated herself by reading at night in bed—all the books the boss had in his big library. I got a peek, and if what the janitor says is true, that girl knows more law and science than most college men. There isn't anything in that library that isn't heavier than lead. This Mrs. Nicoll, she never read anything but the society news in the papers—she's one of those one-book-lasts-a-lifetime women."

"What else?"

"Something good. I've got trace of a friend of the girl's—a woman she used to go out and visit when she took the kid out to walk. Only the woman has married and gone out on the island to live this year or more. We've got to trace her through the marriage license—sometime at the end of January last year."

"All right—down to the Municipal Building with you! Get me the answer to that as fast as you can."

CAPTAIN AYERS was far away in thought—smiling and happy over a success freshly scored that afternoon—when Mrs. Nicoll swept in. He mentally drew down storm curtains, but found to his relief that the visit was merely a prodding one.

"Will you be home this afternoon?" he asked at the end of the talk. "One of my men thinks he has trace of your girl and I'll call you up and tell you where she is if he lands her."

"No, I'll not be home. Just send her up there, she can get in."

"But suppose she doesn't want to go? We may be able to arrest her as a vagrant—should she be in bad company—but we can't make her go back to you."

"Don't you worry about that. She'll have to come back—she's not eighteen yet. She'll come, never fear, once she's found."

"Tell me, what have you on this girl—a theft charge or what?"

"Nothing at all, but she'll come back just the same. Just you find her." And the grand dame swept out. The captain's wavy hair rose in a shaggy mop as he shook his head in puzzlement.

"I've a great mind to set a man to looking you up, my lady, instead of the girl," he muttered.

TWO hours later he thought he was on the trail of the mystery. "May I bring her in, sir," said his man Donaldson, appearing from the outer office. "I found her at home."

"Certainly—whom do you mean?" asked the Captain, his thoughts all askew.

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THE KING'S CIGARETTE

Sammy the Immigrant Meets a Friend From the Homeland

By JULIAN F. RHODES, Patrolman, First Precinct, New York
Author of "The Sheik's Ring"

ON a sunshiny day about eleven years ago an immigrant Russian Jew stepped ashore from the Ellis Island boat with a ticket in his hand that gave him the freedom of all America. The bright sun seemed but a symbol of his feelings and prospects.

Hardly had he gone ten feet from the Barge Office gate when he was accosted by a man of his race, who offered him work. The immigrant boy, even though his mind was filled with stories that had come to him in Odessa of the golden opportunities that awaited the newcomer in free America, was rather surprised at the suddenness of the luck that confronted him. Yet he could not doubt, for here was a fellow of his own race and religion, who spoke, in an alien land, his language and who offered him the work he sought.

When the stranger told him that he, too, was from Odessa and convincingly named streets and business houses in that city of Russia, the boy could no longer doubt. Therefore when he was asked how much money he had his spirit of watchfulness was so dulled that he confided in his new found friend the exact amount in the Czar's roubles. He did not know what it came to in dollars, into which it had just been converted for him at the money exchange in the island, but it was a goodly sum.

The stranger made his living, he told the boy from Odessa, by finding work for such as he, and the only pay he got was of their free giving. For half what the boy had with him he would send him to a place where he would be immediately employed. Gladly did the Odessa immigrant part with half of his money and take the ferry for Staten Island. He was told that when he reached the end of that ride across the bay he was to walk along the road to the left until he came to a farm with a large red brick house, give the name of his friend in New York to the man there and go to work. That was all.

So Sammy Bender took his way to Staten Island and followed the directions of his New York benefactor. His shoes were new and stiff and he was unused to wearing shoes, so they made his feet sore. Miles from the ferry, when the farm with the red brick house was still undiscovered, he stopped by a roadside pond, removed his shoes and bathed his tired feet.

He heard a noise and looked up. Above him stood a man in a blue uniform. Now, to Sammy Bender of Odessa all uniforms meant enemies, possibly the knout or prison. With a shriek he sprang to his feet and plunged headlong into the water.

For a moment the policeman stood laughing at the plight of the queer looking youth, whom he had at once recognized as a newly landed immigrant. Then this uniformed man did a most unexpected thing. He sprang into the water and dragged the half drowned boy to shore. Sammy bethought him that this was not like Russia. To Sammy's further amazement he was neither beaten nor imprisoned. Rather he was taken to a police station, but instead of being clamped in a cell, as he had half expected to be, he was allowed to remain free and was even entertained with a solid dinner that was brought in while he was questioned through an interpreter.

ONE of the policemen in that station house happened to know a farmer who wanted just such a boy as Sammy Bender and Sammy got the job. For seven varied years he worked for the farmer, and with each year

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he swore more and greater fidelity to the police in general and to the Staten Island force in particular.

He saved his money, after the fashion of his kind, and in seven years he went into business for himself, opening a legitimate employment agency for Russian immigrants in lower Greenwich Street. He thrived and became a personality in his small section, one of the prosperous business men of the lower west side.

But Sammy never forgot his experience with the man who had robbed him when he first came to America. Perhaps in fact that loss saved him from other greater ones. And he never forgot the kindness of the policeman who saved his life and of the others who fed him when he was hungry and found him the work that had started him on the road to his present prosperity. And, although he has never wavered from the faith of his forefathers, it is also to be said of him that never a Christmas passes that he does not send gifts of toys and goodies to the babies of the policemen of his neighborhood, and also to the kiddies of those men of Staten Island who first befriended him.

BUT there are other things in the world than gifts and gratitude. There's memory for instance.

Came an evening in late October, 1918, when Sammy's employees had gone for the day. A man entered the office. He was tall and well dressed. Sammy hastened forward, scenting a customer.

"Is your name Bend?" asked the newcomer.

"No, not Bend," replied Sammy, "Bender."

"I understood the name of the man who ran this place to be Bend," was the reply, accompanied by a doubtful look. "Still, I might have been mistaken. Perhaps it was Bender. I'll have to make some further inquiries. I'll see you again about it."

Producing a gold cigarette case, he offered Sammy a cigarette, lighted one himself and strolled out before the keeper of the employment agency could gather his wits sufficiently to ask what was wanted of either Bend or Bender.

But there was one thing that did not escape the alert Sammy. He knew he had seen that man before. And because of the stranger's peculiar behavior, he set about a search of his memory to recall where and under what circumstances he had met him. The thing eluded him. Late into that night he lay puzzling his brain to recall the where and the when of their meeting. Through several succeeding days the man's face was ever before his mind's eye. Yet he could not make the face and the circumstances meet.

ONCE more the man visited the office, as suddenly as he had come the first time. Sammy was again alone in his office, the help having gone for the day.

"I have made further inquiries," the mysterious stranger announced, without formality, "and am pretty sure you are the man I have been sent to find. But my partner is not quite convinced, and we have to make sure in a business like this. I cannot tell you now what that business is, but it means a fortune to you if you are the man we seek. By the way, just what part of Russia do you come from?"

"ODESSA," replied Sammy, and as he uttered that single word, the answer to the mystery that had troubled him came flashing into his memory. The word brought a flood of recollection of the day he had landed from Odessa—and of the man from Odessa who had met him at Battery Park and, by pretending to befriend him, had swindled him out of half his savings.

That man, too, he recalled, had spoken of making his fortune for him. Before him again stood that man. And speaking the same language! The mysterious stranger, Sammy noted with relief, did not recall him as the youth he had swindled so many years before.

"Odessa," he repeated, with apparent pleasurable surprise. "Good. I lived in Odessa when I was a

Looking Up He Saw a Man in Uniform

boy. My name is Margolis. Let us go and have a good cigar."

Herein was displayed the amazing conceit that led the mysterious promiser of benefactions to believe himself safe from recognition. He felt himself so far above the herd among which he worked that he would not credit them with even memory. Also the robbery of the youthful Sammy Bender had been to him so small a thing that he had not taken the trouble to impress the face of the boy upon his memory.

Margolis, as he now called himself, took Sammy to the best cigar store in the neighborhood and there purchased a plentiful supply of expensive cigars. He paid the bill with a twenty dollar note of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, which he took from a wallet packed with similar bills. Before parting with Sammy on this occasion he made an appointment for the employment agent to meet his partner or principal in the conferring of wealth on Sammy. He promised to bring this greater mystery man to the agency in Greenwich street two days later.

The moment the stranger, now known to Sammy as Margolis, left the agency the little proprietor bestirred himself to revenge the swindling of so many years before. Then the mere sight of a policeman

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had been enough to send the Russian immigrant boy plunging to possible death in a roadside pond. To-day he sought the uniform as a help and a comfort in time of trouble. Into the nearest station house he rushed and there told his story. At its end the writer was detailed to investigate the case.

DO nothing and do it intensely, was the watchword I set myself, meaning that I must watch and wait for further developments. I knew the man Margolis would not keep that appointment to take his principal to Sammy's agency. Such as he never keep first appointments. If they did they would be caught oftener than they are.

Their first care is to ascertain if their intended victim has been talking, and they also seek assurance that the "bulls" have not "planted" the meeting place. In short, they are always on the alert for a police trap. Of course all this is known to the detective bureau, which impresses it upon its operatives. So I waited. Several appointments for a meeting of Sammy and the two men were made and broken. Meanwhile their exact purpose remained a mystery. These chaps were unusually cautious, but after several weeks an appointment was kept. Then it was that my real work began.

THE art of "trailing," "tailing" or "shadowing" is a very delicate and a very exacting operation. It is one of the most difficult features of a detective's work and becomes proportionately more and more difficult as the suspicions of the trailed one grow. Let an amateur detective attempt to shadow a real crook and he will be spotted within two blocks by the man he is after, or, if he has a little early luck and does not at first arouse the suspicions of the subject, he will lose his man in the crowd.

In the art of disguise the average dime-novel detective is so rapid and versatile as to leave the greatest of vaudeville quick change artists hopelessly beaten. This is "bunk." Disguise of some sort is, to be sure, necessary, but not the blue-goggle, false-whiskers sort.

The real detective doesn't try to make himself conspicuous by wearing funny looking whiskers. What he wants to do is to efface himself from the landscape, not try to adorn it. If he could disguise himself as a flower pot, or a bottle of milk or a garbage can, it would be ideal. Not having that power of disguise at his command, the best he can do is to try and look as inconspicuous as possible—which means to fit himself as well as he can to the scene in which he is operating.

This point is clearly illustrated by the method I adopted at the first meeting of Sammy and his mysterious friends. Following the breaking of an appointment made with Sammy—which occurred several times—Margolis invariably appeared with elaborate apologies and carefully detailed explanations that never explained the truth, but which were merely intended to keep Sammy interested in the vast importance of the affairs of the great man of mystery who was to favor him with his acquaintance.

THE long-looked-for word from Sammy came at last. He was to see the twin mysteries at his office between five and six o'clock that evening.

Did I go to the Bender office? I did not. I went to the nearest branch of the Street Cleaning Department, where I enlisted among the white wings—that is, I borrowed a sweeper's white uniform, suit and cap and a street broom.

When Margolis arrived there was, apparently, no one about, for he was unconscious of the white wings who swept the gutter. Nobody ever sees a street sweeper. He is a part of the general landscape of a city. The street might as well be empty.

Margolis was alone. He avoided Sammy's office, gazed searchingly in all directions to note any suspicious circumstances, found none, and passed on. As he did so, I promptly resigned from the Street Cleaning Department by the simple process of discarding that white uniform. In its natural surroundings it was as inconspicuous as a coal-hole lid in a street, but in Sammy's office, where I now would have to go, an actual white-winged angel hardly would attract more attention.

On the other hand, a shabby man, showing every sign of needing work, would be expected to be in such a place. It was for such that the office was maintained. So I hastily donned a dirty coat and worn trousers that I had provided for the occasion, pulled an old slouch hat down over my eyes and waited by the stove in Bender's outer room. I was positive that the pilot-fish, after having convinced himself that all was clean, would bring a shark. And so he did.

ALMOST impressive shark he was! Portly figure, fur-lined coat, watch-chain of heavy gold and a gold-headed stick—everything about him, in short, expressed the very last degree of blatant prosperity. As well it might. Such an appearance was vitally necessary for a successful business man of his type. And he was successful—highly so.

"Balis, the Rain-Coat Man," he called himself. A jobber in raincoats he very likely was, but we soon found that this mysterious business of his had naught to do with raincoats.

Like Margolis, Balis looked the place carefully over, in order to see for himself that nobody was concealed there, at the same time explaining to Sammy Bender that he was afraid of draughts. It is true that the night was chilly, so the excuse, though far-fetched, was not entirely incredible. I hastened to shake down the fire and put on more coal. It would be a pity if Mr. Balis took a chill; but a much greater one if I failed to be near enough to hear what he said.

IT was Balis who did the talking. Margolis, in the august presence of his chief, assumed the attitude of an obsequious subordinate.

"Mr. Bender," said the great man. "I have been looking for you for years, and rather than give up the search I employed Mr. Margolis to find you. I am glad to say that I am going to make you a very rich man, but before we go any farther, there is one question that I must ask. Have you told anyone of this matter?"

"I told Lena, my wife," answer Sammy.

"Too bad! A great pity!" reproved the magnate, with a shake of his head. "Women are not to be trusted with important secrets like this."

"But it pleased her so!" pleaded Sammy. "When I told her you were going to make us rich, and that we'd never have to work any more, she said it was like an angel from heaven that had come down to help us."

At this speech the great Mr. Balis was also greatly pleased. It was Sammy's plump, pink face, which reminded one of an overgrown baby, that had caused

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him to be marked in the first place for an "easy thing." Now he spoke with a round-eyed innocence which left no doubt in the minds of his mysterious visitors that he would accept their deeds as those of benefactors.

Sammy gave me the most efficient co-operation. No trained actor could better have played the part. No victim ever fell more completely for the wiles of Mr. Balis than did Balis, the Rain-Coat Man, for Sammy's apparent guileness.

His caution, however, did not altogether desert him, but neither did Sammy fail in his intelligent co-operation. Mr. Balis proposed that the party repair to Fritz's cafe, a block distant. At first Sammy demurred, saying he was expected home at six o'clock. This was in order that I might fade unobtrusively away and make arrangements to meet the new emergency.

I had made Fritz's acquaintance and when the party arrived I was there, clad in a waiter's black jacket, apron and glistening shirt-front, with a napkin over my arm. In the employment agency I had been a park-bench down-and-outer looking for work; here I was a necessary part of restaurant machinery. I fitted into both pictures like the furniture of the rooms, so that when I flourished the customers toward a secluded table there was hardly a chance that either of the two men would know that they had ever seen me before.

The order was two beers and a good cigar. Balis was not a drinking man; he couldn't afford to be. He paid with a new twenty-dollar bill, an exact duplicate, except for its serial number, of those with which Margolis had been so free. It was a perfectly good bill, so I took it and brought the change.

He gave me a ten-cent tip, which I accepted with a waiter's perfunctory thanks. He slipped the paper money into his wallet and took care to make it plain that this wallet was stuffed, except for that change, with nothing but twenty-dollar Federal Reserve Bank bills.

The three were sitting in a small room which contained only the one table. I went out, leaving them alone, but remained near enough to hear all that was said. The conversation was unimportant, however, the intention evidently was to give the sight of those twenty-dollar bills time to sink into Sammy's consciousness. When I heard a chair scrape on the floor I dodged back and was wiping a table in the outer room when Balis opened the door. Already they were leaving—and without having spoken a word of value to me.

THE next meeting, Sammy later informed me, was to take place at a Jewish restaurant on Houston Street, frequented by the better class of East-Side business men. Again to pose as a waiter was impossible, so first I watched the place from without, and after the three were seated, took another table nearby. Nothing happened. Balis now flashed those twenty-dollar Federal Reserve Bank bills from a huge roll, in order better to display them, but that was all.

Interviews that followed were no less disappointing. The mystery remained undisclosed. Sammy did not yet know how he was to become rich. A detective must have two essential qualifications, plenty of patience and serviceable legs. I found use for both and was rewarded.

Balis and Margolis by this time were accustomed to see me loafing around the Bender office. Doubtless they took me for what I pretended to be: the type of "workingman" who spends his days in a bluff at looking for a job, and his nights in praying that he may not accidentally find one.

When the twin mysteries appeared for what turned out to be the first significant interview I followed in after them with two-thirds of an ostensible jag, which I stoked from time to time with a flask of cold tea. If its color was convincing the way that Sammy took my cue and played up to it was even more so.

With just the right degree of testy impatience, he assured me that his office wasn't the "'Bum's Retreat" and demanded to know what I was doing there. I mumbled a reply to the effect that it was cold outside and I wanted to get warm; then took a copious swig from the flask and slumped into a chair. Sammy would have continued to remonstrate, but Balis didn't want to waste time or

"I Tried to Keep Within Earshot"

risk the attention that would be attracted by forcibly ejecting a drunken man. So he shrugged his fat shoulders and got busy with his fairy tale. And a wonderful tale it was!

YEARS before, he said, some plates for the printing of money had been stolen from the Washington-Bureau of Engraving by a relative of Sammy Bender's. Through the death of this relative the plates had come into the possession of Mr. Balis. Naturally these plates were of enormous value, hence the care that Mr. Balis had taken to find the man to whom they "rightfully" belonged.

I slumbered during this recital, slumbered loudly, but not boisterously enough to prevent my hearing all that was said. Neither were my eyes so tightly closed that they failed to see the two freak bank notes that Balis proceeded to show.

The first of these was a ten-dollar bill on one side and a one-dollar bill on the other; the second a twenty-dollar bill on one side with the other side a blank. They were supposed to be samples of the work that could be turned out from those stolen plates. In reality, of course, they were as genuine as any money that ever came from the presses of Uncle Sam. They were what are known as "split bills."

By a tedious process, involving a great amount of extremely expert labor, the paper of a bill is split through its thickness and the halves are left blank on one side, or else halves of dissimilar bills are pasted together.

After having assured himself, as he thought, that Sammy had no conscientious scruples against profitable

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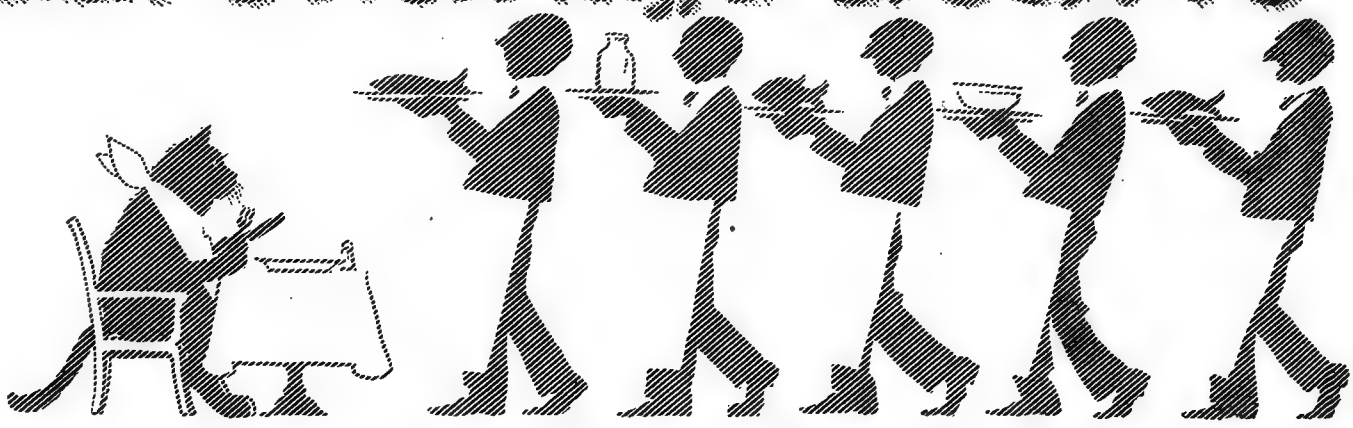
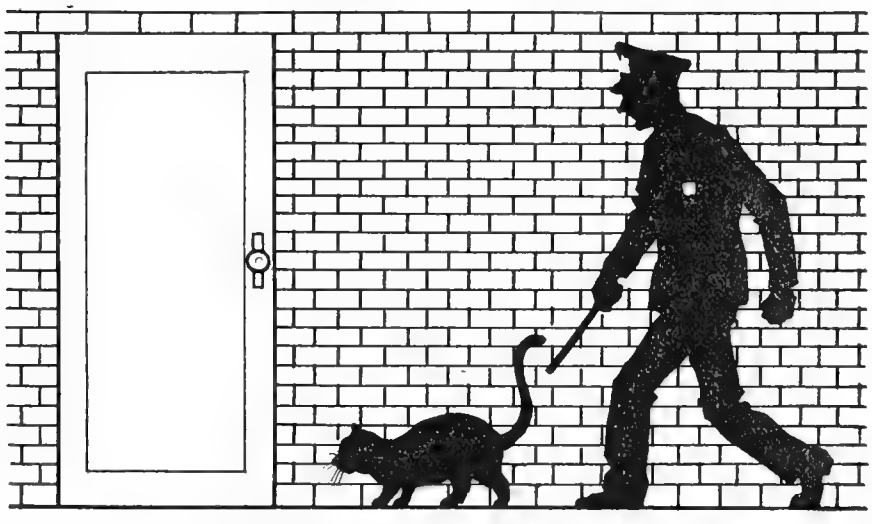
Mr. Thomas, Detective



PATROLMAN CHARLES S. CORBETT'S STORY

CATS, you will discover if you have delved at all into the fascinating subject, are interesting animals. We do not refer to the kind of cat who spends her time hanging over fire escapes and retailing the latest piece of scandal about Mrs. Mahoney, but the four-legged beast with fur that dines a la garbage, spends its nights in innocent song and acting as target for assorted bricks and empty bottles, and finally comes to an untimely end by getting implicated with the wheel of a taxicab.

It was a cat, you will recall, which looked at a king, and that was in the days when kings were more or less worth looking at. It was a cat which led Dick Whittington to become Lord Mayor of London, which is a whale of a good job, carrying with it all sorts of gold lace and similar whoop - de - doodles. Cats have been pretty important factors in history—as for instance—



"The cat led Corbett to the third floor door"

It was a cat which, back on August 3, 1919, trapped two burglars—or, as the newspapers humorously described them, alleged burglars—at 403 Broadway and later was treated like a highly honored junior member of a firm to which up to that time it had been attached in a rather inconspicuous and unremunerative position.

All this happened on the loneliest street in the world—lower Broadway, New York, on a late Sunday afternoon in August. In describing Broadway in the 400's on such an afternoon one can very easily repeat the old "Night Before Christmas" statement that not a creature was stirring—except the man on the beat. One could look from City Hall to Eighth Street without seeing a soul, unless by chance another man in blue might be in sight.

It is a fine place to make one crave companionship, so what wonder that when Patrolman Charles G. Corbett heard a cat meowing inside the building at No. 403 he was glad to seek its company.

The cat was making a tremendous fuss back of the door which Corbett came to in his routine round of trying doors. The loft building at 403 was at the corner of Walker Street and the door to which the cat had attracted his attention proved, curiously enough, to be unlocked.

Here was an unlooked-for coincidence. Corbett decided the cat must want to get out, but when he gave it the opportunity it only rubbed up against his leg and headed back indoors. Several times it started back into the hallways, and then, noticing that he did not follow, came back to him. Each time it rubbed against his leg and again started into the hallway.

Evidently the cat was highly agitated, but Corbett could not for the life of him guess what it was all about. It meowed loudly, so Corbett essayed a rough guess at the cause of the agitation.

"Hungry?" asked Corbett.

"Yowr!" remarked the cat in feline language that means "no."

"Thirsty?"

"Mawr!" replied the cat. That means, "Stop asking so many fool questions and get on the job."

Corbett filled a pan with water from a convenient faucet, but the cat would have none of it. It was evidently not lack of drink that was disturbing its peace of mind.

"Well, what's the matter with you then?" demanded Corbett.

"Rowshhhh!" said the cat disgustedly, a look of annoyance at the dumbness of humanity spreading over its intelligent features.

'Well, Mr. Thomas, there's something agitating you

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l must see what it is," said Corbett. "Maybe your family is down cellar and the pipes have burst or something. We'll investigate."

"Meoo-ow-ow-ow," said Mr. Thomas, and again headed for the dark hallway. There was a satisfied tone in this remark that made Corbett think the cat possibly understood him. In the basement and sub-basement Corbett found nothing except the usual accumulation of junk that goes into basements and sub-basements.

Meanwhile Mr. Thomas was becoming more and more excited. He showed evident reluctance at going down into the sub-basement and waited with meowed impatience at the entrance until Corbett returned to the basement.

Corbett began now to be impressed with the idea that the cat had some definite motive or objective, so he tried following the animal's lead. Mr. Thomas immediately made for an interior fire escape and with tail erect started up it.

Corbett scrambled up behind him in the dark and as he reached the second floor found that the cat kept looking upward and then at him. He got the impression that caution would be advisable and so stole silently up to the third floor. Here Mr. Thomas walked directly to a door. By this time he had stopped meowing and Corbett knew that whatever had agitated his guide was near at hand.

Corbett now heard through the door the sound of voices where no voices should be at this Sunday hour. Worse than that, he found that two steel doors had been drilled through and through in several places.

"Crooked work at the crossroads," decided Corbett and hurled his weight against one of the doors. Under the impetus it opened, despite the fact that a desk and a big sample table had been backed against it. Corbett found himself in the presence of a couple of surprised gentlemen who were conducting a scientific investigation into a safe by means of drills and a couple of jimmies.

"Alleged burglars," decided Corbett in less time than it takes to order ham-and in the corner beanery. Then he commanded:

"Clear away this here entanglement, toss over all your implements of warfare and unlawful entry, back over against that window, claw the air, and if you try to signal to any of your pals you'll be so dead that they'll be orderin' tombstones for you at the wholesale dealers."

Discretion being everything that it's tooted up to be, the pair obeyed, and Corbett and the cat took command of the situation. Then Corbett, still keeping his captives covered, picked up a phone on the desk and called the station house, hinting to the lieutenant that if a suitable motor car were sent over to 403 Broadway, a couple of guests might be induced to go for a brisk drive. The lieutenant replied that he would be more than delighted to accommodate.

Mr. Thomas also spoke into the phone. "Me-ow," said he.

These Sabbath-breaking burglars had ready for shipping silk, lace embroidered bed sets, scarfs and bed covers to the value of $10,000. The goods belonged to Patrone Brothers, silk importers, who could not replace them at the time because importations from abroad were practically cut off in that period just after the war. Had the burglars succeeded in escaping the firm would have lost doubly because of that fact.

At the station house the guests met with a royal reception. Those members of the force who make a business of keeping track of burglarious activities discovered that they were the same gentlemen who just a month before had broken into the same loft and stolen a considerable quantity of merchandise.

At that time a pane of glass with the fingerprints of the burglars on it had been taken to Police Headquarters and preserved and when the fingerprints of Corbett's captives were compared with those on the glass they were found to be identical, thus proving that burglars at least sometimes strike twice in the same place. The men had gotten in on both occasions by walking over the roofs all the way from Church Street, a block away.

As for the altruistic cat he was dined and wined on the order of Mr. Bevelonac, president of the concern. Patrolman Corbett gives the solemn assurance that Mr. Thomas was thereafter treated as one of the firm because of his acute and heroic action in saving for the house a large quantity of unreplaceable goods.

Never again was that cat forced to patrol alleyways in the witching hours, to extract unsatisfactory meals from over-ripe fish heads or to collide with missiles hurled by irate taxpayers. From then on that cat was sitting pretty.

In this world of disappointments and injustices, it is pleasant to record that in one instance, at any rate, virtue met with something besides its own reward.

Her African Boy

THE Washington police are about as inured as their New York brethren to the queer behavior of the Bohemian set, but a detective who was sent up to Q street, northwest—in the fashionable Connecticut avenue district— the other day to investigate stories that a certain woman high in the government social set was annoying her neighbors by her method of living, will remember his call as one that jarred him off his blase base.

The woman in question has acquired fame as a hunter of wild animals and her den, in which she received the detective and talked very amiably with him, was crowded with trophies of the chase.

Then in commenting on the complaints she told the inquirer that she lived very quietly there with her companion and her boy. The detective asked if the boy had been born in Africa and, being told that he had been, asked if he might meet him. The officer expected to meet an Afrikander lad, perhaps somewhat different in character from the average Washington boy. So his hostess clapped her hands. The detective thought this strange.

But it wasn't—for their entered a genuine African "Boy"—a six-foot, black-as-night Zulu, with all the marks of the savage on his face.

But even the black's identity was not the outstanding surprise. That lay in the fact that this native of the veldt wore no clothing except the loin cloth that he would have worn out on the sun-baked plains of South Africa amid his tribal fellows.

"Oh, that's nothing," said the lady, when asked about the absence of costuming. My woman companion and I are quite used to it in Africa, so why should we object to it here. As for him, he prefers it. Of course he puts on regular clothing when he goes out in the street."

Nevertheless, the detective advised her to see that her negro servitor put on more of the habiliments common to Washington—and she promised to drape him.

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FAMOUS CRIMES SERIES

JACOB HAYS
FOR HALF A CENTURY HIGH CONSTABLE OF NEW YORK
AND THE CITY'S FIRST REAL DETECTIVE

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK'S GREAT BANK ROBBERY

Decorations Style of 1830, by Leo Kober

IN all the plays and books that have been written about Little Old New York the authors have overlooked one of the most wonderful personalities that the city has ever known. The man is Jacob Hays, who for more than half a century was High Constable of New York and a single-handed terror to evil-doers. Possessed of unusual mental, moral and physical make-up, Hays won the reputation of being the only successful one-man police force in any city of the world. This repute was due to the fact that he rarely called for help from any of his under constables.

Hays was the first real detective New York ever had and he coped successfully with the city's first great crime, the famous bank robbery of 1830, in which $200,000—a tremendous sum in those days—was stolen. This predecessor of the present detective division showed in that early time the patience and the skill in handling men that must forever be the mainstays of all detective work. The theft, which was perpetrated by an early variety of cracksman with the aid of a locksmith who opened the old key safes, was committed on a Saturday night and was of course revealed on the following Monday.

Hays kept at the job for more than a year after the theft, seeking constantly to trace the money stolen from the bank, and was eventually able to recover every penny of the $200,000. His was an achievement creditable to any detective force anywhere and he effected it—as he did most other things—single handed. Hays was fifty-eight years old when the first clew in the bank robbery developed, but he was, even at that age, the best all-around athlete in the city. In addition, he was utterly fearless, and both qualities helped him in the task he immediately set himself, that of getting the robbers.

An acquaintance told Hays that a housemaid in the American Hotel, which was then the premier hotel of the city, had seen, through a keyhole, two men counting bills. Possession of large amounts in bills was rarer in that day than this and that simple fact aroused suspicion.

By careful watching, Hays learned that the two men were named Smith and Murray and he planned to capture them both at once.

Choosing a time when he believed them to be in the room, he cautiously made his way alone along the hall to the door of the room and peeked through the keyhole. He saw Smith sitting on the bed, his knees piled with bank notes. He supposed that Murray also was in the room, so he suddenly threw his whole weight and strength against the door, which burst in.

Smith reached for and attempted to use a pistol, but his wrist received a stinging blow from the stick Hays carried and which was his only weapon. In an instant Smith was handcuffed and harmless.

Smith proved to be alone and Hays could not make him tell where his confederate had gone. In a trunk in the room Hays found thousands of dollars in bills of the robbed bank, which he took away with his prisoner.

NOW came a good and unusual piece of detective work. He calmly released Smith from custody—not however without keeping an eye on him, in the hope that he would go to his confederate.

To the amazement of the High Constable the bank robber visited a locksmith named Parkinson. Hays promptly visited his shop. He made a thorough search of the place but found no evidence and was about to leave when he chanced to pick up a jack plane from a work bench. Being familiar with tools, he saw that this plane had been cut through at one end and the parts replaced. He pried the parts open and found a hollow receptacle, hidden in which was $20,000 in stolen bank bills. Parkinson thereupon became the second prisoner.

THERE was still $40,000 missing of the $200,000 stolen and Hays concluded that Murray must have that. He traced him to Philadelphia, where he had him kept under surveillance through a former pal who was a stool pigeon. Being finally located, Murray was

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arrested, at the request of Hays, by John McLean, High Constable of Philadelphia, on May 2, 1831.

As he was taken into custody Murray attempted to throw away a package of bills but they were retrieved and proved to be all on the Orange County Bank of New York State and part of the loot from the robbed bank.

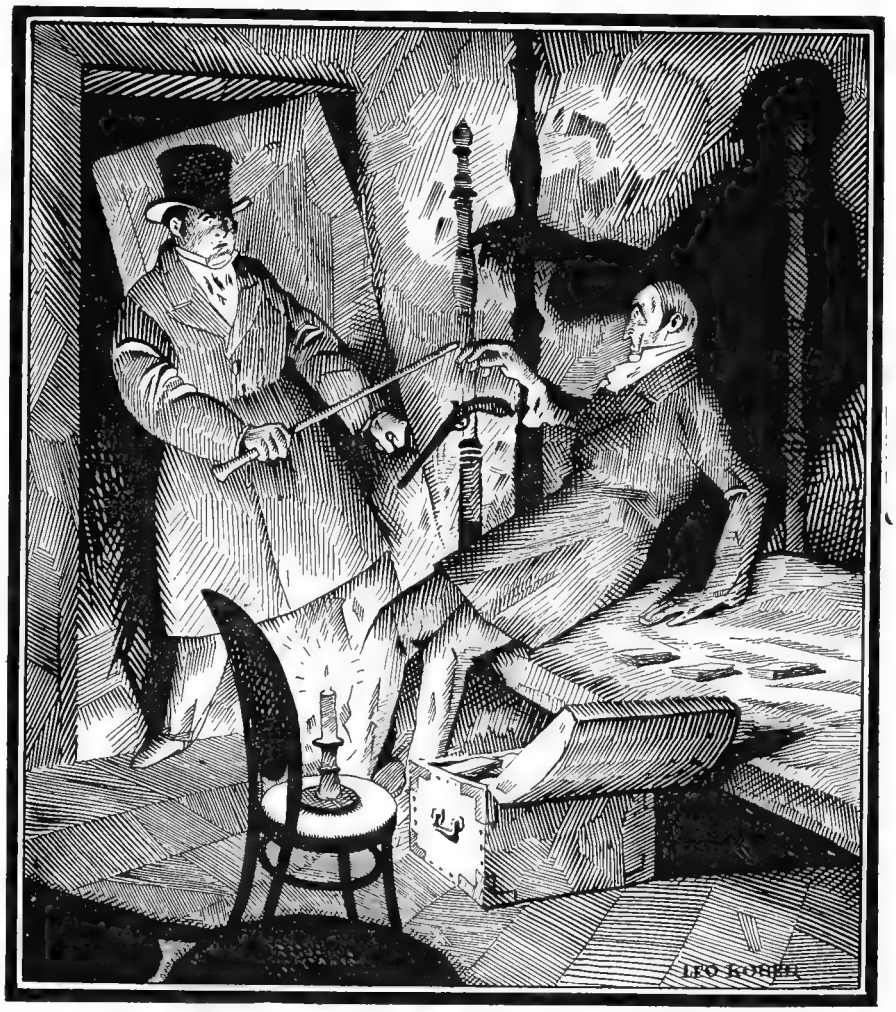
Murray languished in jail for a time and was finally offered a pardon if he would reveal the hiding place of the balance of the stolen money.

He accepted this offer and took Hays to Independence Square, where, under a great tree, the policeman dug up the full sum.

Jacob Hays had recovered every penny of the stolen money and captured all three thieves.

BORN at Bedford, N. Y., in 1772, Hays was appointed Marshal of Manhattan by Mayor Varick when he was twenty-six years old—in 1798—and given command of the force of half a dozen men. He held that place for five years, and then was appointed by Mayor Edward Livingston to the high sounding office of High Constable. He was also designated captain of the Third Watch District. He was the first and last High Constable, being reappointed by each successive Mayor until his death in 1850, when the office expired with him.

Let's take a look at this unique character down the perspective of three-quarters of a century.



As Hays Broke Into the Room, Smith Seized a Revolver
Illustration in Old Wood Cut Style

In the first place, he never carried a weapon in his life, yet there never was a riot or a fight that he did not quell, generally alone. It was a day of street brawls and rough-and-tumble fighters were plentiful. Jacob Hays was the best man in that game in his bailiwick and the tough boys knew it and respected his prowess. He introduced a pretty good trick in street fighting. He would force his way into the midst of a brawl and, with a light stick he always carried, knock off a hat here and there. He was always careful not to hit a head. He didn't believe in physical violence where his object could be attained without it.

When the hat owner stooped to pick it up High Constable Hays promptly and vigorously pushed him flat on his face and held him there with his foot while he repeated the operation on other fighters within reach of his stick. In a minute or so he had a barricade of human bodies between him and the rushing mob and the riot was quelled. Of course, this was in the days of the rough-and-tumble fighters when the use of firearms was rare.

HE was a man of tremendous strength and such decision of character that when he gave an order it was clearly understood that it was to be obeyed without delay. One of his feats of prompt performance of duty had Cornelius Vanderbilt as its victim. The founder of the Vanderbilt fortune was already known as the "Commodore" and was engaged in operating a steamboat on the Hudson River.

It appears that the Livingston family had a "patent" under Robert Fulton for the operation of boats on that stream and got out an injunction restraining Vanderbilt from interloping. High Constable Hays was entrusted with execution of the order and repaired to the dock where Vanderbilt tied up his boat. The Commodore himself, in his reminiscences, tells the rest of the story.

"When I looked into the smiling blue eyes of Jacob Hays," he says, "I knew he meant what he said, when he told me I'd have to stop running my boat. Just the same, I meant to stand by my guns as long as I could and I told him if he wanted me he'd have to throw me off my boat.

"He took me at my word so quick it was startling. He just sprang to the deck and with his great strength grabbed me by the neck and in a jiffy had landed me on the pier. The injunction was thus served and my boat stopped running in the Livingston waters."

HAYS was also Sergeant-at-arms of the Board of Aldermen when that body really needed an official of that character. The fact that he held the office and his reputation for vigorous action quieted down the debates and had a reformatory effect.

He was a terror to crooks and personally knew by

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sight every one in his jurisdiction. New York was even then the metropolis, although it was only a town in size, the city limits being at Bleecker street and the Five Points the centre of boisterous activity, especially by night.

The patrolman of today may well smile when he reads that young Jacob Hays, High Constable of Manhattan, Captain of the Watch, Sergeant-at-arms of the Board of Aldermen, Court Crier for General Sessions and a police force all by himself, slept but six hours out of the twenty-four and thrived on it.

He was the busiest policeman New York ever had and so widespread was his fame that once in London an American stood by and watched a squad of the metropolitan force there handle an incipient riot. He laughed out loud and remarked that he knew a man who could have handled that row alone.

"You must be from New York," replied the man at his side, "there's only one policeman in the world who could do that and he's Jake Hays of New York."

NOT a small part of Hays' success in keeping down crime in the city may have been due to his sense of humanity and fair play. He was a man of high honor and believed moral suasion generally superior to brute force to attain a result. Therefore he did not make enemies by viciously attacking and abusing law violators. He won his victories with the smallest sum of suffering possible and usually obtained the respect of the conquered.

Men arrested and punished by Hays did not hold grudges. They recognized that they had been beaten by a fair enemy and they respected that enemy, even as they feared him for his unrelenting pursuit of the law violator. He used to attend a little Scotch Presbyterian church in Grand street, way out on the edge of the town and many a time departed in the midst of the sermon to answer a call to put down a fight in the boiling neighborhood of the even then notorious Five Points.

In the Governors' Room in City Hall is an oil portrait of High Constable Jacob Hays, the first chief of police of Manhattan and its first detective. His body was buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

For many years his son, William H. Hays, was president of the Eighth Avenue Railroad Company and a well-established broker.

Men of Affairs Direct Relief Fund

MEN of big affairs are giving their time and the benefit of their experience to the supervision of the New York Police Relief Fund now that it has been incorporated by special act of the legislature.

Headed by Mayor John F. Hylan, the new corporate body comprises Police Commissioner Enright and the following representative citizens: Robert A. C. Smith, Alfred W. Kiddle, Herman A. Metz, William H. Todd, John F. Bermingham, Walter Scott, Job E. Hedges, George MacDonald, Douglas I. McKay, Daniel B. Freedman, John A. Harriss, Edmond A. Guggenheim, John M. Shaw and Barron G. Collier.

In addition to those noted the corporation, as formed by the legislative act, consists of the Chief Inspector of the Police Department, the President of the Captains' Endowment Association, the President of the Lieutenants' Benevolent Association, the President of the Sergeants' Benevolent Association, the President of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, and the Chief Surgeon of the Police Department, all of whom constitute the corporate body with perpetual succession.

Robert A. C. Smith, President of the Police Relief Fund, in a communication to Commissioner Enright, first vice-president of the Fund, gives in detail the special provisions for its administration.

The most important of these provisions is the allowance that may be made for the heirs of an officer killed in the performance of his duty under circumstances which would have entitled him to an honorable mention or a medal for meritorious services where the element of valor was present. In such cases, where the officer leaves a widow or children, $5,000 is to go to them.

In cases of policemen who die from injuries received in the service under circumstances that would not entitle them to recognition for meritorious services, and where the element of valor is not present, the heirs will receive such sum, if any, as the Executive Committee may, in its discretion, award.

These awards are to be paid in monthly installments to the widow during her lifetime, or until she shall remarry, when the balance, if there be any, shall be paid to the legally appointed guardian of the children under eighteen years of age. If there is still a balance left after these sums shall have been paid, it may be distributed to the heirs. Otherwise it reverts to the Relief Fund.

If an officer, killed in the performance of his duty, leaves no widow, but does leave children under eighteen years of age, the money is to be paid to the guardian of the children until they are eighteen, when the balance may be distributed or may revert to the Fund.

Provision is also made for parents and other dependents in the event that the officer killed is unmarried these dependents to receive the money in installments.

The funds are held by the Police Commissioner and are to be administered by a Relief Committee and an Executive Committee.

The personnel of the Relief Committee includes Robert A. C. Smith, president; Richard E. Enright, George MacDonald, secretary; Patrick J. Murray, M. D., chief surgeon; John W. O'Connor, president, Captains' Endowment Association; John H. Ayers, president, Lieutenants' Benevolent Association; Walter W. Joyce, president, Sergeants' Benevolent Association; John M. Shaw Walter Scott and Leon H. Godley.

The Executive Committee consists of President Smith Commissioner Enright, George MacDonald, John F. Bermingham, Barron G. Collier, Daniel B. Freedman, John A. Harriss, Herman A. Metz, Walter Scott, William H. Todd and John H. Ayers.

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Elaborate Guard for the Convention

Police Plans for Democratic Meeting Provide for Wide Control Area Around It

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, from June 24 until the end of the Democratic Convention, is to be the center of the most elaborate police guard that has ever surrounded any meeting in this city, or, so far as can be learned, in any city in this country.

Pride in traffic control and the maintenance of order among great gatherings of people being a part of the tradition of the New York Police, Commissioner Richard E. Enright early decided to make the handling of the great throngs expected at the convention a memorable event. He placed Deputy Chief Inspector Thomas H. Murphy in charge of the work and the outcome was a plan for effective and flexible policing of the Garden district that is elaborate yet is capable of being instantly changed to avoid any clogging of the wheels of that immense, yet delicate machine—the city's business.

Police are to be stationed inside the Garden through courtesy and to co-operate with the various officials appointed by the convention to maintain order and preserve discipline. They are not to be there to directly preserve order, for that function will be within the purview only of the sergeants-at-arms and their deputies representing the forty-eight States of the Union.

But, from the walls out, to west and east and north and south, police regulation of everything that moves obtains, and there are rules for every movement. Under the plans the convention members—and especially the leaders—are free to conduct their business in peace without any interruption by ticket-seekers or organized claques. One of the great objectives of the control system adopted to make sure that there shall never be within the zones laid out about the Garden more than a few thousand persons and a few hundred vehicles.

It is necessary that all of the many businesses near the Garden go on as usual—and equally necessary that the Garden shall not be stormed by mobs made up of persons who have reached there on the pretense that they have business in the vicinity.

THEREFORE a police control area has been tentatively laid out around the Garden that extends from Lexington Avenue on the east to Broadway on the west, and from Twenty-third Street on the south to Thirtieth Street on the north. In other words, for three blocks north and south and for one block east and west the district will be under special control. Every moving object within that area from the opening day of the convention until its close with the nomination of a presidential candidate will come under direct and constant police supervision.

One-way streets are set aside for certain classes of automobiles and certain directions of approach and departure are provided for persons on foot. Cards of various colors are prepared, each having its own significance and importance. For instance, a taxicab bearing a visitor who has a ticket of admission to the Garden employs a card of a certain color, but does not have the privileges accorded to a car bearing an accredited delegate to the convention, whose card is of a superior color.

The hundreds of messenger boys who try to pass the cordons of police are to find that only those bearing the mystic colored cards will get by. Likewise, a million excuses by persons who will want to get into or near the Garden are doomed to be wasted. These stories are not to be told at all to the men in blue actually on guard at the convention hall. These police are not to be besieged by any of these importunate ones, for all the folk with poor excuses are to be stopped on the outer edges of the control zones.

THE plan is to make all vehicular traffic move around the Garden east bound on Twenty-seventh Street, south on Fourth Avenue, west on Twenty-sixth Street and north bound on Madison Avenue, thus bringing the right hand door of each car to the curb. This is a general interpretation of the tentative plans as already devised. They may be changed at a moment's notice, even after they have been in actual operation, if found unsuited.

ADDITIONAL to the colored cards that will be used by those entering the zones outside the building others will be issued for admission to the building itself. It is probable that there will be four entrances to the Garden, one on each of the cross streets and one each on Fourth and on Madison Avenues. This, in the opinion of Inspector Murphy and his consulting collaborators, will facilitate the work of handling the throngs. Cards of different colors will indicate to a policeman at a glance exactly what entrance must be used and he will instruct the holder to that effect, passing him along to the next man on the special traffic duty, who will guide him into the lane which his particular card indicates he must follow.

The speakers' platform will be erected on the Twenty-seventh Street side, over a section of the arena boxes, the main floor being reserved for the delegates and the alternates. Cards entitling the holders to admission to the platform will be recognized at the Twenty-seventh Street entrance only, while the delegates and alternates will enter at one of the other three entrances, according to the section called for on the ticket held.

Similar arrangements to those effective during spectacles where reservations of seats are made at the Garden have been made for others than delegates and alternates holding admission tickets, and a corps of perfectly rehearsed ushers will show speed and intelligence in seating the throngs.

The average daily attendance of fourteen thousand persons and seats have been provided for that number. Every seat will be reserved and every ticket will bear a seat coupon. There will be no confusion. Everything will be carried out with military precision. The New York Police Department will see to that, and it is confidently believed that the delegates and others attending this convention will receive a valuable object lesson in the regulation of great gatherings of people within a limited space.

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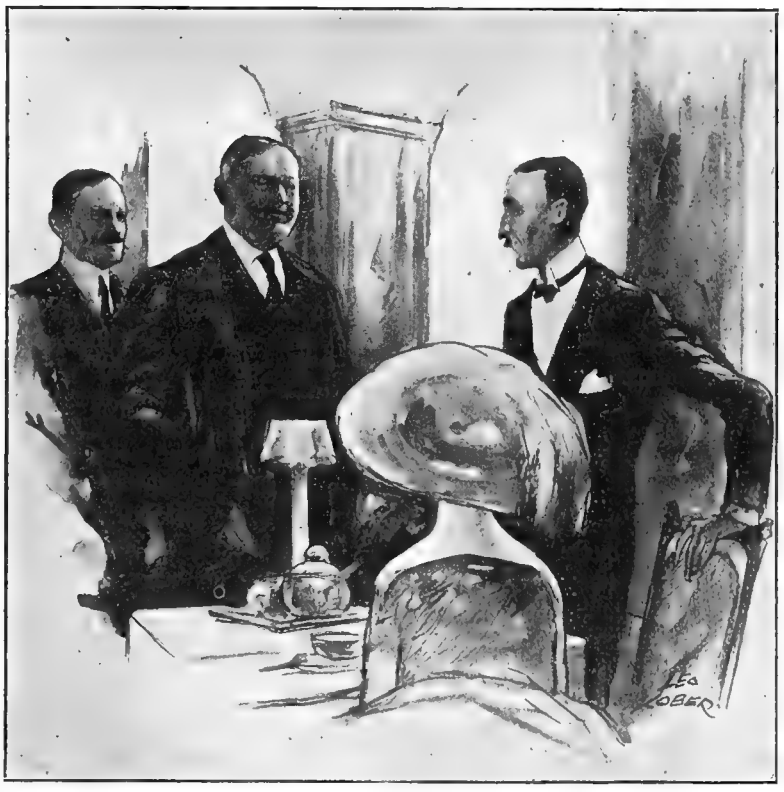
Arnstein and the International Trail

"Barney" Flood's Story of the Arrest That Started a Twelve Year Contest with the Authorities

IT was a twelve-year fight that ended last month with the incarceration of "Nicky" Arnstein, convicted bond thief, behind the bars of Atlanta prison The struggle to put this specialist in crime in prison has perhaps occupied the public mind to such an extent that the man in the street has lost sight of the bizarre series of episodes that first resulted in bringing the elusive Arnstein within the reach of the Federal Courts.

It is a tale of 1912 that is now revealed—a tale of international crooks frolicking in the pleasure resorts of Europe; of detectives quite as debonair and pleasing of personality as the crooks themselves masquerading among them; of a persistent following of "the woman in the case"; of strange pursuits, afoot and awheel; of odd disguises assumed and stubbornly held to through weeks of incarceration—all in all a tale of clever detective work in which the men of the police outmatched the wits of the man who lived by his wits.



"You Will Come Along with Me, Quietly, Nicky Arnstein," Said Flood

The story, having its beginning in London twelve years back, has since that time zigzagged across channel and sea from one European city to another, back across the North Atlantic and over a good part of the Eastern United States. The beginning of the last chapter was written in the United States District Court in Washington, D. C., and its very last word was said in Atlanta when the elusive Arnstein stepped into the Federal Penitentiary at the close of his twelve years' fight to remain free.

The tale of the first arrest of Arnstein which put him definitely in the hands of the United States after he had reached a supposed haven of freedom in Europe is the story of one of many international arrests made by Detective "Barney" Flood of the New York force, a man whose reputation for achievement in such cases was so great that he was placed in charge of the Criminal Investigation Division of the American Expeditionary Forces in France—the largest detective force ever assembled in the world—and there won a major's gold leaves and a flattering array of ribbons and decorations that testified to the grateful recognition of his services to the Allied cause. The decorations were conferred on him by America, France, England, Italy, Greece, Belgium and Rumania. He was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, O. R. C., U. S. A., and was then appointed to a position on the staff of the Governor of New York. Today he is occupying his old position of detective assigned to the District Attorney's office, New York County—a fact that has much to do with this chronicle.

"Nicky" Arnstein decorated Broadway for several years before the arrest mentioned. Langourous of manner, he dawdled away the hours of the days and of the nights. More than six feet in height, graceful of physique and a model of sartorial art, this amiable follower of the arts of leisure was never known to be guilty of labor, yet neither was he ever known to be without ample funds.

He at all times had many friend and in recent years has been distinguished among international crooks by the loyal support of his stout-hearted wife, Fannie Brice, famed vaudevillist. She has stuck to him through all his troubles.

Arnstein's present incarceration was a result of conviction in a Wall Street bond robbery case in which he was quickly sought and arrested. He disappeared on the eve of his arraignment for trial, and because of his wide fame and peculiar personality the police of every city in the United States were soon actively on the hunt for him.

Because of his international flittings back and forth, the additional precaution was taken of notifying every European city that he was wanted in New York. With the forces of all the civilized nations seeking him it was thought certain that he would be overtaken within a reasonable time.

Criminologists and psychologists have discovered that one peculiarity of the human mind is that it works in diametrically opposed ways, according to whether its owner is the pursued or the pursuer. Nearly all criminals seeking to avoid the police rush as far away from the scene of their criminal activities as possible. Trained detectives understand this and seek their prey far afield but—and there is invariably a "but" interjecting itself into the best of theories—on occasions there chances to be a criminal with a mind opposed to the ordinary. Hi

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may or may not be a better mind than the average criminal's—but at any rate it is certainly a different mind.

"Nicky" Arnstein seems to have been equipped with this exceptional mind. Certainly it is true that while he was sought by the most famous detectives all over this country and Europe, and even in Central and South America, the chief of the New York force believed that he was hiding all the time right here in New York waiting for the excitement to die down. And their theory rang true.

In the upper reaches of Broadway that forenoon a handsomely appointed touring car drew up at the curb. Across the sidewalk quickly stepped a tall, handsomely dressed man, accompanied by a well tailored woman, possessed of good looks and, apparently, in her middle thirties. They were followed into the motor by another man shorter than the first.

The tall man was Nicholas P. Arnstein. The woman was Fannie Brice. The third man was a reporter.

From Behind a Tree, Flood and His Partner Watched Jeanne McCormick Enter the Kensington

Fully six months of this game of hide-and-seek passed and then came a bright day when all New York was en fete. It was the occasion of the annual parade of the police and Fifth Avenue was lined from curb to building facade with spectators, hundreds of thousands of them.

The hunt for "Nicky" Arnstein was still on—and that sly fox picked this day of the police parade as one affording him an opening for a move he contemplated.

The duties of the reporter had brought him into intimate contact with many famous and notorious characters, with stage celebrities and other persons in the public eye and interest. Among his rather intimate acquaintances was Fannie Brice, the vaudeville actress, and, as a natural sequence, her husband, the notorious "Nicky" Arnstein. Because he had been steadily "on the job" he was the only reporter invited for that auto trip.

After moving rapidly south by side lanes distant as far as possible from heavy traffic and police posts, the motor car turned east at Franklin street and stopped in front of the Criminal Courts building, wherein is located the office of the District Attorney of New York County. The elevator conveyed the party of three to the third floor, two of them still unrecognized. The reporter, it happened, was known to employees of the building.

Directly in front of the elevator shaft on the third floor is the office of the Detective Bureau attached to the office of the District Attorney. This Bureau is in charge of Detective-Lieutenant Edward Rayens, who had heard, by

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some mysterious underground telegraph system, that Arnstein was going to spring a surprise.

Rayens heard the elevator rise to his floor and stop. He heard the door open. Then it was that he stepped forth into the corridor and confronted the hunted man and his wife and the reporter. Rayens spoke first.

"You are under arrest, Arnstein," he said, "come into my office," thus forestalling the intent of the smooth Arnstein to voluntarily give himself up.

Arnstein followed meekly, as did Fannie Brice and the reporter, the last still grinning at the dramatic turn events had taken. The rest of that particular story is a matter of record and not pertinent to this one. As Fannie Brice sat there beside her husband the door opened and in walked "Barney" Flood. He looked at Arnstein rather seriously, for "Barney" can be serious when he wishes.

"How do you do, Nicky?" he accosted the prisoner.

"Hello, Barney," replied the prisoner with the ghost of a smile.

The writer was present at that dramatic invasion of the District Attorney's office by the notorious "Nicky" and asked Flood, as he walked with that officer along the corridor of the building, how he came to know the prisoner so well.

"Oh, I'll tell you that story some time, when I've more time," replied Flood.

NOW that Arnstein is in prison for the crime he committed in that period, the tale of his previous capture is unfolded by "Barney" Flood.

Major Flood in appearance is more the prosperous broker than the conventional detective. Immaculately dressed, suave and debonnaire, with a happy word and a winning smile for all he meets, he is a man to whom few crooks would give an apprehensive glance in passing.

But his eye is alert, his mind keen, his action quick when action is called for. He is tall and powerful and his grip on a criminal wrist is generally sufficient for his purposes. No handcuffs are needed.

"THE story is as old as the hills," began Flood. "It's the same old story of Adam and Eve. The woman tempted and the man fell. When the French detectives get a particularly involved case they put a finger alongside the nose and say, 'cherchez la femme.' But it is not only in France that that principle helps the men of our profession."

Chatting conversationally, Flood explained that when you want to locate the average criminal you must first of all learn all about his feminine acquaintances. Following that principle and employing his native and cultivated detective ability, enabled Flood to capture "Nicky" in the first instance.

Twelve years ago he and Detective Joseph Riley were sent to London to bring back two men who were charged with a $100,000 swindle in a lithographic deal. The men had been caught in London by Scotland Yard operators, but before Flood and Riley reached London the pair had escaped the clutches of the law by putting up $100,000 bail and fleeing to the United States. They forfeited the money rather than take chances of trial. One of them died suddenly here and the other escaped punishment through some legal technicality.

Riley, who is still doing valuable work on the force, is an Irishman with a fund of wit and humor, and a reputation for fighting first and asking questions afterward. He never took chances with crooks and was accustomed to getting his man with speed and vigor. He and Flood learned at Scotland Yard that they had made the trip for nothing, so they planned to return at once to New York.

BUT at home the then District Attorney, Charles S. Whitman, had heard that Arnstein was in Europe. He cabled to Flood that he and his partner should get Arnstein and bring him back for a possible grand jury indictment and trial.

"Find Arnstein and bring him back," the cable vaguely read; "he is somewhere in Europe."

"Nicky," the elusivee, was at that time charged with the larceny of $66,000 from William P. Shinks, of Springfield, Mass. All of his associates in the affair had been arrested and Arnstein was wanted to complete the roundup.

He was, of course, first sought in London, but the trained sleuths of Scotland Yard could find not the slightest trace of him in all of Britain or Ireland. It was therefore plain that Flood would have to seek his man on the Continent.

"I KNEW," said Flood, "that every international crook in England knew that Riley and I were there. And I also knew what they didn't—that we were not going back to New York on the next boat. There's a beautiful system of communication among the crooks of England and the Continent and every one of them who was interested had been advised of our movements. They knew all about our leaving New York, knew what ship we took and exactly what we were coming to London for. This information naturally led them to suppose that we would return to New York when we found that the men we had come for had escaped. And they would have been right if it had not been for that cable order.

"Added to the District Attorney's order to get Arnstein was one to also find another swindler, who posed as a sea captain. It being June and fine weather, we decided that it would be well to look over Ostend, the fashionable seashore resort of Belgium, so Riley and I went there.

In that I was lucky, for I had the good fortune to meet there a more or less famous Count von Koenig. The Count didn't know who I was, but I knew him. Therefore, I let him believe I was a race horse owner.

"It was at the Kursaal, which might be called the Monte Carlo of Belgium, that I met him and the circumstances were fortunate. The Count was having excellent luck and was in high good humor and communicative. He was at that time traveling with a Dr. Beigel, and they both knew Arnstein. Finally the Count told me Arnstein had gone to Berlin, so to Berlin I went, meantime sending Riley on to Brussels to keep an eye open. In the German capital I learned that our "Nicky" had been at the Hotel Adlon, the most fashionable hotel in the city, but had departed for Antwerp.

"Good enough! On to Antwerp. Not there! On to Amsterdam, in Holland, only to find that he had been there, but had gone back to England. So I crossed over to England, where I again met Riley and found another clew.

"On the passenger list of the Cunarder *Mauretania*, freshly arrived from New York, appeared a name well known to me—that of Miss Jeanne McCormick, of Chi-

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cago and points east. Now Jeanne McCormick was accustomed to being with high rollers and to associating with just such men as Arnstein and his friends, the Count and Dr. Beigel.

"After giving the matter a little thought, I decided that my first move would be to find Jeanne. It didn't seem easy and it wasn't. There are a lot of hotels in London, you know. And we felt pretty sure that she would not pick out a conspicuous one. I tried a good many before my eye happened one day to light on her name on the register of the Hotel Piccadilly, in Piccadilly Circus, and right in the heart of London.

The fact that she was in London at the same time that Arnstein was suspected of being there impressed me as more than a coincidence. Following the rules of international courtesy, I began work by informing Scotland Yard that I had a clew to Arnstein. Several operatives from the Yard were immediately assigned to report to me as my aids."

FLOOD determined that Miss McCormick should not leave her hotel without his knowledge and that she should be shadowed wherever she might go. Every stairway, every "lift," every exit was guarded by a detective acting under Flood's orders. Neither by day nor night did the watch relax, yet Jeanne McCormick did not appear.

It had begun to look as if all the work would prove useless when, one afternoon, the woman appeared in the corridor. Flood, who was well known to her, barely had time to step out of reach of her eyes. After quickly telling the Scotland Yard men of the changed situation, he and Riley casually sauntered toward the front door, following in the rtain of Miss McCormick, who was headed for the entrance.

Here the "Yard" men executed what they deemed a masterly flank movement and reached the door ahead of the woman. They understood London and thought they foresaw her course of action. The natural surmise was that she would take a cab.

Everybody of moment in London rides in cabs, so the London detectives scurried away to an adjacent stand to get a vehicle in which to trail her. Not understanding this habit of Londoners and of sojourners in the British metropolis, however, happened to be of advantage to Flood and Riley. That was because a cab happened to be at the curb at the instant the woman appeared. She took it and was whirled sharply away, even while the Scotland Yard men were engaging another taxi at the stand some distance away.

AS the woman was driven away the New York men stood there in the hotel entrance transfixed with astonishment. They were keenly aware that their prey was escaping and that they had no means of following. Flood's description of what followed is quite original and entertaining.

"The street there," he said, "may be fairly compared with Fifth avenue at Forty-second street. Let the Hotel Piccadilly there be represented by the Public Library here. Traffic in London, of course, moves uptown and downtown in streams, all vehicles keeping to the left instead of the right. That is, it would be moving uptown on the west side of Fifth avenue if we were following English regulations.

"Well, Riley and I were standing in front of the Piccadilly, which, as I told you, is our Public Library, and the cab with Jeanne McCormick was being driven rapidly toward Forty-second street on our side of the street, of course. It was yards away and going fast.

"There wasn't a thing for Riley and me to follow in. I was paralyzed for a moment, when, watching that cab closely, I saw it turn at the next corner and move over into the other stream of traffic, thereby coming back down the opposite side of the street. Traffic had been halted at the first street below us, but at that moment it was lifted and a cab came north toward me.

"I wondered if the cab coming were empty, then realized that by the time it would travel to the next upper corner, turn and start back, the taxi in which Miss McCormick was riding would be lost in the maze of vehicles.

"I had to work fast. London traffic regulations are as strict as those here, and there are few Londoners who would have dared to break them in the way I had to employ in that emergency. I not only invited trouble with the police, but actually violated a tradition of England.

"What I did was to step out and deliberately hold up that cab in the midst of that stream of traffic that wasn't supposed to be halted except at the command of the 'Bobby' at the turning.

"I quickly explained to the driver that I was from Scotland Yard and dropped a small gold coin in his hand with that careless abandon that comes so readily when we are spending other people's money. I indicated the cab in which Miss McCormick was riding and told him to follow it.

"Evidently encouraged by the unusual sensation of handling an advance tip of gold, that cabby did a remarkable thing, when you consider that he was reared amidst the traditions of London and under a holy fear of the traffic police. If his action had been observed he would have been instantly arrested, and it is doubtful if Riley and I could have explained the situation in time to keep in sight of our game.

"The cabby deliberately turned his cab into the stream of what we'll call southbound traffic on the other side of the street and came out ahead of the cab we wanted to follow.

"Think of the situation. We were actually leading the chase, and had no idea where we were going. It was the first and last time I ever led a victim when I wasn't in command of the situation. Though the affair was unique, our position had certain advantages.

"We could see, by looking through the rear window of our cab, that Jeanne McCormick was furtively 'covering' the street for trailers by looking through her own pane behind her seat. Of course she hadn't the remotest idea that an enemy could be leading her. They didn't operate that way, and she knew it.

"She soon, evidently, decided that she was safe from trailers and we saw her give new orders to her driver. Thereupon he increased the speed of his vehicle. I told our driver to slow down and let her cab pass, which he did.

"Now followed some fast action. As her cab shot past us we both dropped to the floor. As she went by I watched in one of the side mirrors and saw her peer over into our cab and appear relieved when she saw it empty.

"AFTER that we had a delightful ride out to Kensington, where her cab drew up at the hotel of that name, several miles from the heart of the city.

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Miss McCormick entered the hotel while Riley and I stood behind a tree across the street, where our cab had been ordered to draw up. The rest was not difficult. In the hotel I told the proprietor who I was and what I was there for, and gave him a description of the man we wanted.

"His reply was that a man of that description was at that moment in the dining room with a lady. From a point where I could see and not be seen by either Arnstein or Miss McCormick, I watched them dispatch a fine meal, moistened with ample champagne.

"While the two were eating I telephoned to Scotland Yard, telling them that their men assigned to me had vanished and that I might need help. They replied that several men would start immediately, and I decided to wait for them before making myself known to the man I had under observation.

"When the 'Yard' men arrived my man and woman had finished their meal and had retired to a palm-embowered room, where they sat behind a Japanese screen and indulged in liqueurs and cigarettes.

"I posted the Scotland Yard men where they would be of most good in the event of trouble. To Riley I assigned a post near me when I was ready to enter upon the stage. My partner looked at me and said, significantly:

"If that guy inside the sch-r-r-e-e-n tries to make any bad cracks I'll be knockin' him for a home run before he can do it."

"Then I stepped around the screen and faced the two. Both glanced up, indifferently, yet seemingly with annoyance at the intrusion.

" 'Hello, Nicky,' I said, smiling at him.

"A dapper gentleman, tall and wearing the cutest little blonde British moustache, rose when I spoke. He appeared not at all disconcerted.

" 'You have the advantage of me,' he said. 'I really cawn't recall you. Who ah you, may I awsk?

" 'My name, by the by, is not "Nicky." It is James Wilfrid Adair. If you'll pahdon me, what is youah's?'

"I laughed in his face at the nerve of that Broadway crook pulling that English stuff and that James Wilfrid Adair scenery. But I had no wish to extend the interview or the farce, so I told him. In my right hand, inside my coat pocket, was a pistol. He could not have known it, yet he may have suspected.

" 'Well, Nicky,' I said, 'my name is Flood and I'm from the New York Detective Bureau. You are under arrest, Mister Arnstein.'

"Miss McCormick started from her chair, so I added: 'Behind this screen are quite a number of Scotland Yard men. I have no wish to disturb Miss Jeanne McCormick, so you will come along with me quietly, Nicky Arnstein.'

"He came without a murmur, but he stuck to that James Wilfrid Adair sobriquet all the way across the Atlantic, and even used it on the reporters who met us on the ship at Quarantine and tried to get a story out of him. It's a good thing that guy is behind bars. Nobody's money was safe while he was loose."

And even then they didn't get "Nicky" behind the bars, for he managed, with the aid of ample means and the employment of eminent counsel, to beat the game time and time again.

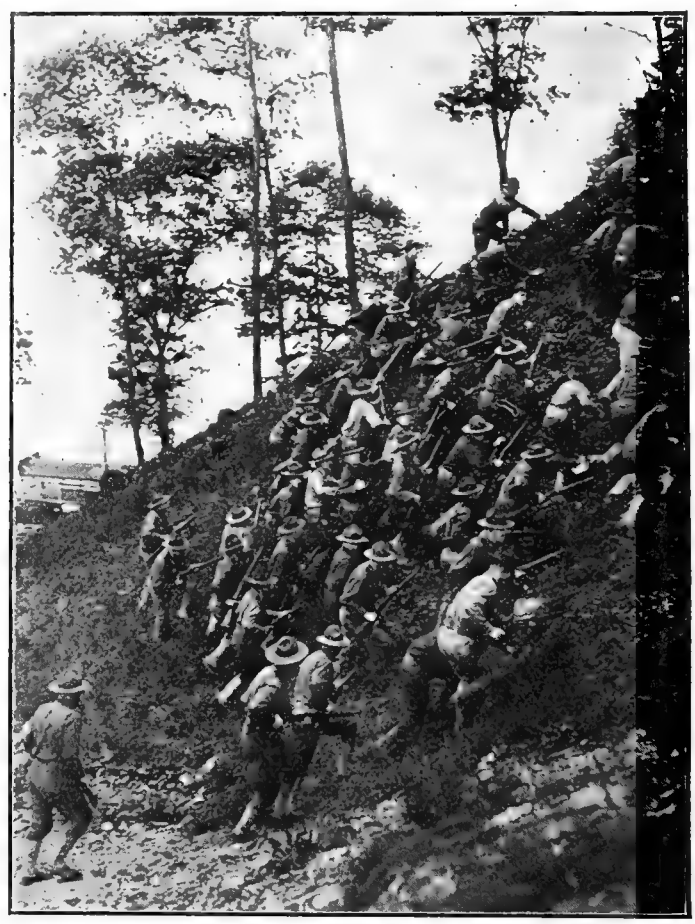
There never was a big bond robbery in Wall Street that "Nicky" Arnstein was not suspected of complicity in it, but he was the most elusive eel with which the police had to deal and had a host of friends whose protection he invariably invoked and obtained.

When, however, he was actually seen in possession of stolen bonds for which he could not satisfactorily account, the road to prison seemed about to be cleared for him and the various prosecuting officers of this and other districts began to take heart that their efforts had not all been profitless.

It, however, required the infraction of a Federal law to actually get this man behind the bars. When he went to the District of Columbia to transact a little business in bonds he ventured too far.

So they got "Nicky" when he tried his game in Washington.

Would You Think They Were Cops?



They are—it's the Riot Battalion of the New York Police Charging a Hillside at Peekskill Military Camp, where Army Officers drilled them

You Who Drive

Help people to help themselves.

Don't imagine you are within your rights if you go at the maximum speed allowed by law. You must not endanger the safety of others.

Your responsibility does not end with the honking of the horn when others are in your path.

Your automobile may be under control but how about the other fellow's? He may be a crazy man. You don't know.

Be sure your brakes are right and your steering gear is true before leaving the garage.

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Government and the Law

Both Must Be Based on Eternal Right and Justice Rather Than Man's Arrogance

By Richard E. Enright, the Police Commissioner, New York City

THE celebrated philosopher Count Francis Volney in "The Ruins of Empires," has told clearly the story of the conditions that have brought about the downfall of many of the world's governments. Though it runs as clear as a crystal the single central idea that most governments that have fallen have grown rotten at the top and rotten within, and have been destroyed by forces inside rather than outside the government.

The story of the rise and fall of every great empire or government follows close on this formula. Most great governments and empires have been established by great leaders animated by great ideals and, for a time, have been carried forward by the momentum gathered through reverence for these ideals and respect for the foundation stones upon which the government, whether a republic or an empire, was originally built.

Governments or nations, like men, have their periods of birth, of manhood and of decay. It is only by extraordinary virtue and strict adherence to its foundation principles that any government has survived.

Why have the great republics and empires of the world perished, if their failures have not been due to their failure to revere and to adhere to the principles upon which they were originally founded?

God, himself, in promulgating the ten principles laid down in the Decalogue stated first of all that the things that He stood for and the government that He had ordained for the world, should not be vitiated by a desire to worship other gods and other idols. Continuing, He laid down other laws, that we should reverence the home, that we should honor our father and our mother, that we should set apart one day in seven in which to pay reverence to our God, that we should not bear false witness against our neighbor nor for any reason, commercial or otherwise, inaugurate propaganda that might tear down his house or tear down his country or destroy his ideals.

He ordained also certain basic laws with respect to property and human life, and all of these laws have stood behind all governments in their flower and their glory. Where these principles have fallen into decadence, the nation involved, whether empire or republic, has reached the day of its decadence.

It has been the history of most peoples who have fled into exile to escape oppression, that they in turn have become oppressors as soon as they have gained power or affluence. All too soon have they forgotten the principles that animated them when they were really walking with God—when they really loved the ideals that had carried them forward to great things.

Such peoples soon become laws unto themselves and sufficient unto themselves. No longer satisfied with their own original ideals or principles, they begrudge other peoples less fortunate than themselves the same right that they claimed originally. As they become autocratic and aristocratic, their foundations crumble and the old story that has been told over and over again, is told anew of them.

Here in America ours was originally a land of ideals; a land of adventures, a land of men who suffered much, achieved much, who were builders because they were animated by great ideals. These idealists and builders, becoming affluent, no longer built for themselves, they hired slaves to build for them, whether with the hand or with the brain; they no longer wrought for themselves; they no longer fought for themselves. It is the old story over and over again that the men who work and the men who think are entitled to rule and eventually they will rule.

That man—though he may be mythical in a sense—who came down the side of the mountain in the ancient days; that man with the long beard and the flowing robe who carried under his arm the Tables of the Law, was the first police officer of historic times.

He carried the mandate of the Great Master of the Universe. It was simply written. If it was not from God, it was God-like, to say the least. No one has ever been able to improve upon it.

These laws, carried into our civil and penal codes and into the warp and woof of our social fabric, are the basis of Western civilization as we understand it today. They should be just as potential now as in the days of old.

The forces behind these laws were the underwriters of the Magna Charta, and the underwriters of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution of the United States. These laws seem to be sufficient for human guidance.

How very, very few of the countless millions of men who in one way or another follow the Laws of Moses or the Laws of God have been able to live up to their transcendent standards of human conduct? If we are not yet able to live up to the standards received, as we profess to believe, from God himself, why should we have other laws which not only do not amplify but probably traverse those laws.

Why should we continually place society in bondage to strange and unusual laws and regulations which evidently God himself never conceived of and which man in his present state is not prepared to obey?

This is a government based on three great principles, "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness." For a long time we enjoyed each of these privileges in a measure more or less closely approaching the ideals of those who conceived these principles. Then growing tired of these splendid safeguards, individually or in groups or blocs, we began industriously depriving our neighbors of the right to enjoy these rights or principles. Little have we thought that what we take from our neighbor we also take from ourselves.

The world cannot be regulated by a rule of thumb.

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The order of the world as ordained by the Almighty was naturally right, naturally fair, naturally just. Disorder of the world is the reverse of these principles and of the ideals toward which we are now striving.

Mr. Volney, could he come to earth again and see what use we have made of the ideals of the Founders of the Republic, would probably be greatly interested, although I presume he would not be surprised. He would say it always had been so and probably always would be so until the end of time.

It is the old story, "the extreme of the law is the extreme of injustice." It is the old story of bondsmen lifting themselves by great effort and great idealism to positions of authority and power, and then endeavoring at once to enslave their less fortunate brothers.

Men who struggle up from the depths of degradation through centuries of slavery, and reach a position of independence, do not then turn to help others by the way, but seem to look about them to see whom they in turn may enslave.

THE patriotic soldier who, following a great ideal, carried his legions forward to victory at Toulon, at the Pyramids and at Marengo, became later the tyrant of Europe. He is only a type of thousands who are filled with apparently irrepressible desire to make laws for and regulate the lives of most of the people of the world.

Men of this kind, blocs of this kind, groups of this kind, no matter what their high-sounding titles may be or what their much vaunted notions may be, are breeders of revolution. They have left the ancient standards, they have become laws unto themselves because of supposedly superior intellects or great concentrations of power. They are able to enslave large numbers of persons, if even for a short time only. Yet those numbers are important. When great armies of men, who feel they have a grievance are in motion, mere ideals are not enough to halt them.

Police departments under a republican form of government such as we have in America, are the ever-present manifestations of law and order. The majesty of the law is, or should be, greater than the majesty of any king or prince or potentate. Yet to have real majesty, the law should be inherently right, inherently fair, inherently just. It should square with the Decalogue, it should square with the highest idealism that animated any government at the time of its greatest purity or, as a rule, at the time of its foundation.

PLACING on a representative of the law of the insignia of office, whether it be a silken robe or a uniform or a badge of the authority he bears, is only a gesture. That individual, whoever he may be, must stand before the public as a true representative of justice and right or he becomes a travesty upon the thing he is supposed to represent.

Behind him should stand unlimited force and unqualified support from the whole public which, of course, is not possible unless he represents and stands for ideals of righteousness and justice. His power must exist inherently and it must have behind it the traditions and the idealism that are back of law and order everywhere.

There is something in God's law and God's majesty that is most appealing. Law and order prevail in this world that he created. The sun rises day by day no matter what the sons of man may be; the rain falls and the stars shine out no matter how sinful man may be. In any land or any clime because majesty and power are ever present, His justice is ever manifest.

He of all of the forces of the world seems to be unchangeable, faithful and loyal always; He makes the sun rise on the just and the unjust, the rain fall on the just and the injust. His laws are inexorable. He has justice, He has right. He has law and order. So let us mold ourselves after His fashion.

Honors for a Hero

ON the afternoon of May 20 two bandits held up a United Cigar store at Flatbush Avenue and Fulton Street, Brooklyn. One of them ran away, but the other, who was under the influence of drugs, was cornered by a patrolman. He instantly opened fire, his first shot flicking the cap from the head of Patrolman Martin Stapleton. The second hit him in the shoulder, but as he dropped the officer emptied his revolver at the robber.

Detective Bernardino Grottano, of Butler Street, saw Stapleton drop and gave chase to the bandit along Fulton Street. The fugitive paused at Hanover Place long enough to empty his pistol at the pursuing detective.

From Hanover Place the bandit ran into a blind alley, where he loaded his revolver. Then, shielded by the buildings, he deliberately aimed at the heart of the advancing detective. Grottano dropped, shot through the chest. By this time police all around were closing in and Patrolman John P. Diamond, taking careful aim, shot the robber dead.

The bandit proved to be Raymond E. Beathea, of 196 Eighth Avenue, Manhattan, a son of respectable parents. They said the young man had been drawn into the use of drugs and had turned to banditry to gain money enough to satisfy his longing for narcotics.

The two officers who were shot were removed to hospital beds, Stapleton soon being out of danger. Grottano was found to be in a very serious condition.

Commissioner Enright immediately issued official commendation for the men and journeyed to the hospital to cheer Grottano. He carried to the man's bedside announcement of his promotion to first grade detective. The visit of the Commissioner seemed to buoy Grottano, but his condition was too grave for help. He died six days after he was shot, a hero mourned by the entire department.

Grottano's body was borne to Greenwood Cemetery, escorted by the Police Band, 250 detectives and two companies of police. The procession was headed by Commissioner Enright and the pallbearers were Deputy Commissioner Joseph Faurot, Rodman Wanamaker, John Bailey, R. A. C. Smith, Colonel Walter Scott, George McDonald and Cavalier Prisco.

Grottano won the Department Medal of Honor in 1911 and had been awarded commendations on several occasions.

He left a widow and two small sons, of whom all his friends knew he was very proud. He had often said that he had been unable to obtain a good education himself, but that he meant his two boys should have college training. Businessmen of the precinct to which he was attached on Saturday, June 14, organized a benefit to furnish a college fund for the two boys. Keeney's Theatre was donated and all the performers playing there aided the cause, while 6,000 persons attended. More than $2,000 was raised.

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Austria

Vienna Police are Highly Popular

They Act as Counsellors and Friends as Well as Guardians of the Populace

By Deputy Chief Inspector Samuel G. Belton

Former Inspector William T. Davis and Lieutenants John A. Golden and F. C. Kruse of the Foreign Police Commission Collaborating

WE were very interested in the police of Austria, for here we found an organization which had stood firm and admirable through a post-war period of distress and general disorganization very trying to everyone concerned.

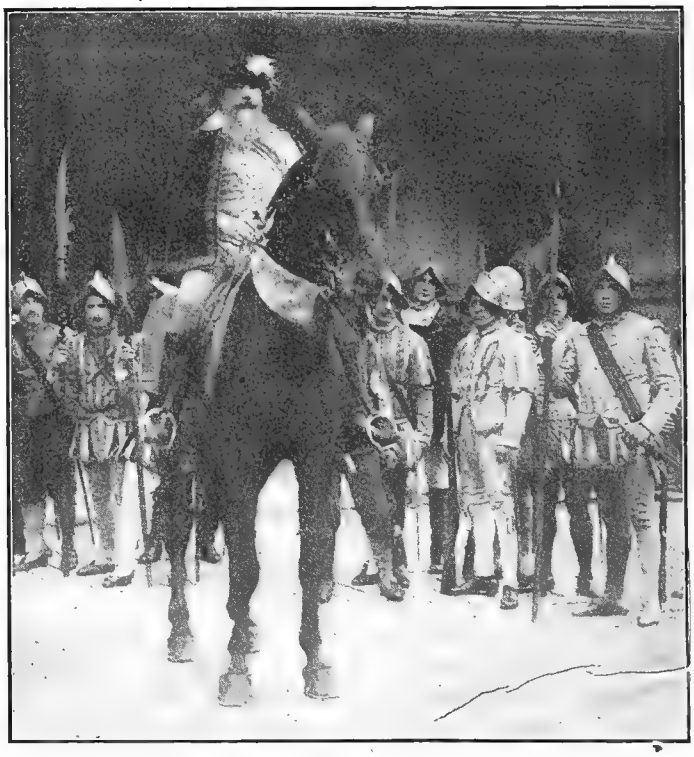
In England, France, Italy and Belgium the war had not had any great effect on the police because it had not upset the permanent form of government in any sense.

In Austria, upon the contrary, quite as much as in Germany, defeat by the Allies had been followed by a transformation of the national form of Government from monarchical to republican with all the very notable effects upon relations between the people and police which such a change must signify.

In a nation where one has not the least idea what the money in one's pocket will be worth in the morning, if one goes to bed with any there, the tendency is to spend it without waiting to find out, upon the theory that any alteration of exchange will be probably for the worse. For a long time the individual in Austria, who kept actual money for a day was mad, and was courting a disastrous depreciation of its value.

The result of these and many other things was that the war was followed in dismembered and disorganized Austria by a period of unexampled mental and psychological disorder. Such a period in any country is sure to be accompanied by an increase in offenses, especially thefts, grand and petty, and that particular kind of moral disturbance resulting in a great increase of loose living.

Immence numbers of people, very prosperous and powerful before the war, found at its end that they were impoverished, and confronted with the grim necessity for earning their own livings, although they had no knowledge as to how to do this. Naturally there was a sudden and unexampled rise not only in loose living in financial crimes of many sorts, ranging from those of the petty thief to those of the first magnitude embezzler, from those of the small offender against food purity regulations to those of the wholesale profiteer.



Vienna's Citizen Police of 1470, Commanded by the Mayor. (Scene from Police Film.)

It is not difficult to believe that such a burden strained the Austrian police to the last notch of their patriotic determination, their personal bravery and their physical endurance.

We had heard of the tremendous trial they had passed through long before we reached Vienna and, arriving there, we expected to discover at least some signs of a force disorganized, unhappy and perhaps in a measure inefficient.

IMAGINE our surprise when, on the contrary, we found one of the best organized, best disciplined, highest spirited police forces in the world, working with astonish-

Starting a Police Hospital

ONE of the most interesting places the New York Department's Foreign Police Commission saw in Europe was the Vienna Police Hospital which had been created within a few months despite the impoverished state of the city after the war. Police President Schober obtained the idea from Commissioner Enright's campaign for the establishing of a polic hospital in New York and soon thereafter made the Vienna one a reality.

He obtained for a building a confiscated palace and then he appealed to the citizens for funds. The result was overwhelming, for a committee raised enough to support the hospital for thirty years.

Now the surgeons from the finest medical schools in Vienna take turns in serving in the Police Hospital. It is a real service to their city.

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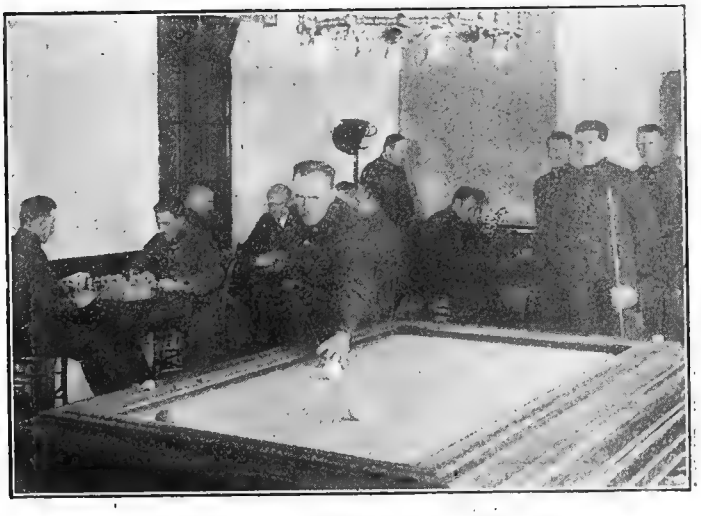
ing efficiency, playing a much larger part in the people's lives than is played by the police of England, America or France, and playing it so well as to keep crime well in control and morals (vice conditions) continually improving. The enforcement of the law against profiteering had been so successful that the grave offense virtually had been brought to an end.

The police of Austria truly are companions of the people. They not only are the guardians of the public safety, but they are the custodians of the public comfort and happiness. They are policemen, yes; but also they are guides, counsellors and friends. I have on my desk



Play Room in Vienna Police School

before me as I write a set of photographs showing some of their activities. The range is utterly amazing, extending from the answer to a riot call to attendance on a poor woman seized by birth-pangs in a wood. In both emergencies it is evident that the police, big, handsome chaps in khaki uniforms, are doing very well indeed.

Some of the problems which confronted this devoted force in the years immediately following the war seem incredible to us in comfortable New York which, after all, though we complain about it in sensational newspaper headlines and criticise it in our clubs, is reasonably normal.

For instance, for several years in Vienna, many students from the country, determined upon finishing their schooling though they had no money for support and could earn virtually none, with the permission of the reluctant authorities, who were helpless to do better for them, utilized as sleeping-quarters many lengths of great, unlaid trunk-sewer pipe which had been deposited upon the streets, ready to be entrenched, just before war was declared, and which after the war came to an end still lay there. These pipes housed a considerable number of students for a long period.

The episode was trifling, although pitiful, and is not mentioned as a major fact. But there were so many "trifling" episodes of the sort that, when combined, they made up a major and even dominant condition of abnormality, that in a city less ably handled by its officers of the law would have resulted in terribly serious breakdowns of the public psychology.

In Vienna the police stood steadfastly upon their discipline, and that kindliness which is a very definite object of that discipline and is besides so natural to their dispositions. Under the new regime real character had an unexampled chance to reveal itself. We were told by non-official citizens that the general police abandonment of the somewhat arrogant official posture which was almost demanded by the military regime in the old days of the Hapsburg dynasty—a reflection down from Germany and the Hohenzollerns—helped very greatly to save Austria. Now the Austrian police are not martinets but friends.

SPEAKING broadly the police of Vienna constitute about 12000 men divided into two main groups, uniformed, for the preservation of order and non-uniformed for the investigation of crimes and supervision of streets, railway stations and public houses. To a sub-division of this latter portion of the force are entrusted such activities as the criminal identification system, including photographs and finger-prints, and the indexing and supervision of all known international criminals who come within the limits of Austrian territory. The members of this branch also perform many national Governmental duties which in the United States would devolve upon Federal authorities, such as passport examinations and the like.

This same body of men is also charged, curiously enough, with the enforcement of the sanitary code, a function which in New York City is performed by inspectors of the Health Department and police officers especially assigned to that Department. Further this Viennese force supplies the men who attend to the inspection of new buildings under construction.

The criminal police have also a division known as the moral police. To this portion of the force is given supervision of the social evil. It regulates it and turns over suspicious persons to the social police.

Still another division of this force looks after children. It is a special group, known as the Kinderschutzwesen, and is interested in especial in the welfare of orphans or little ones neglected by their parents. It has at its disposition for the care of children needing its protection a well organized and managed children's home.

THIS general non-uniformed division of the police was that wherein we had expected to discover supervision of political activities, the study of conspirators against the state's integrity and the effort to prevent all those various manifestations of disorder and dissatisfaction, which are everywhere in Europe so much more apparent than in the United States, despite the trouble given us by reds.

But this, we think fortunately for Austria, is in the hands of a divsion of the general national forces known as the State Police. It is one of the duties of this special group to watch and deal with politically hostile elements.

Turning from these special branches to the uniformed force, we found in Vienna an astonishingly efficient body, complete in its organization, perfect in its discipline and with a wonderful record. At the present time Vienna is well-ordered and in admirable psychological shape as far as we could learn.

But there have been times since the Armistice when this was not the case and never at a time of that sort, although the police were unable to get any help from the military, which had been abolished by the treaty, did the police force fail in its doing of full duty.

To a far greater extent than in the United States the effect of the mental upset due to the war has been apparent in Vienna and throughout what is left of outside Austria.

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There have been industrial disturbances and general unrest. Those fluctuations of the currency which have left men afraid to keep money in their pockets over night because of fear that if they did they would wake up in the morning to find it had lost some portion of its value, necessarily produced unsettled mental conditions. Not infrequently in Vienna these have helped to stir people into minor and sometimes into violent crimes. Thus the uniformed force has had more than its usual share of riot calls and mob-disturbances to deal with and the non-uniformed police have had very puzzling crimes to deal with.

IN the days prior to the war when the Vienna Police Force was recruited wholly from among men who had served as non-commissioned officers in the Army the selection of police recruits was an easy matter, being in a sense automatic. Since the War Austria has had no standing Army and thus this force of man-supply has not been and is not now available. Therefore the police at present are taken from the civilian population irrespective of military service and record.

In most American cities, I have no doubt, and certainly in New York, experience such as can come to a man only through having lived in the city where he is to serve is regarded as a valuable asset in recruits. I doubt if many young men have been appointed to any large town American police force who have come to it fresh from the rural districts.

But men from the country are preferred for the Viennese police. In the first place they are held to be healthier, in general, and, what is far more important, with

Dinner Time in the Vienna Police School

Austria in that unsettled political state from which she is slowly emerging, it is assumed that they are far less likely than city youths to have become imbued with dangerous political ideas.

After having satisfactorily passed the rigid medical examination given under the direction of the celebrated Dr. Merta (Chefarzt) the recruits in groups of 100, who must be over twenty-one and under thirty years of age, are given a year's strict training under the command of the really renowned police expert, Dr. Mander. During this period they are rigidly disciplined and live in the Police Barracks.

Three months must elapse after appointment before they are given uniforms. At the end of this first quarter they are joined by a new batch of 100 as they, themselves, on entering the barracks, had joined other men in training. And then they pass on to the next stage of training. Always, in accordance with this system, there are four hundred men in the school, one group undergoing preliminary training, one group in the secondary course, one group in the third stage of development and the fourth preparing to step into the responsibilities of full fledged policemen.

A Famous Viennese Police Incident Re-enacted. Josef Brestan, a policeman of 1848, caught in his arms a girl who leaped from a 5th floor window. (From the Police Film.)

The first year of instruction is the hardest. The recruits are divided into four groups of twenty-five men each, each under the command of a patrolman. Instruction begins with calisthenics at six a. m. On the schedule of instruction for the later hours of this Police School's day, are law as it applies to the duties of a police officer, the technique of penal procedure, the science of traffic regulation, the study of firearms and other weapons and explosives, instruction with regard to automobile mechanics and special knowledge with regard to taxicab regulation, a brief course in human anatomy, a careful course in first aid to the injured, such a course in telegraphy as will produce a fairly good operator and training in the use of a typewriter. Studies making men expert marksmen, fencers, oarsmen, swimmers, life-savers (the technique of reviving persons suffering from immersion) and jiu jitsu also are upon the list.

The courses of study are severe and examinations are mercilessly rigid. There is no school anywhere stricter than this of the Viennese Police. But good athletic grounds are provided for the students, they are admirably housed and fed, they have a very interesting singing society, so, although they work hard, they are happy and learning every minute. One of the most interesting details of the Police School is the motion-picture theatre attached to it wherein are shown especially made instruction films. These are of great value.

UNTIL they have taken the Police Oath, recruits are known as "Provisional Guardsmen," and each wears

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one rosette upon his collar. The next stage, attained by passing severe examinations, and rewarded by a second rosette, is that of "Oberwachmann," or Senior Guardsman.

Another rosette follows the achievement of that stage of efficiency which entitles a man to be called "Revier-inspektor," or Patrol Inspector. The next rank, that of "Bezirksinspektor," really is that of the man in charge of a district, and is indicated by a silver decoration on the collar, accompanied by three rosettes. The rank requires a man to inspect patrol posts and take command of a police station.

There are two grades of police stations in Vienna, the upper being known as "Kommissariats," and each of these is commanded by a "Konzeptsbeamte," or commissioner. This man must have had university training and is vested while in office with some magisterial powers. Intoxicated persons, for example, are invariably sentenced by these functionaries immediately upon arrest to from twenty-four hours to fourteen days in jail, and against such a sentence they have no defense nor from it any kind of redress.

The next highest grade is that of "Polizeioberkommissar" of the first class. Such functionaries wear golden collars and two rosettes. This rank is within the reach of any policeman of determination and ability, even though he has not had a college education. Commissioners who attain the rank, but are not college trained wear red stripes of velvet on their caps; the stripes of those who have been college trained are violet. Another rank is open only to such policemen as have studied law (jurisprudence) and who have attained in it the degree of doctor.

Naturally few policemen have attained this rank. But there always are enough to supply sufficient personnel for the performance of the required duties.

TO return to the recruits: they are during the first year only called into professional action when numbers urgently are needed, and then only in formations of twenty-five men each. It is held that they have not yet been sufficiently trained to be trusted to act as individuals. If riots, fires, great parades, public demonstrations, etc., demand an unusually large number of police on duty, then these men are sent to active duty for the duration of the episode.

That first year of training enables the police recruit to graduate into a full fledged policeman competent to do patrol work, but the examinations he must pass before this is allowed are really severe. President Schober has set up a prize for the police student who attains the best standing at such an examination. It is named in commemoration of a tragic episode wherein five Vienna policemen lost their lives in performance of their duty.

There is one theory of Viennese police administration which is somewhat different from that of many other police forces. It results in an endeavor of the higher officers to keep men permanently in the neighborhoods to which they have been assigned at first, so that they may have the advantage of achieving a minute familiarity with every detail of life and character there. The result of this system is that a policeman frequently spends his active life, from probation until retirement from the force, in the one district. The Viennese move about much less than Americans, or, at least New Yorkers, do, and so officers by this system get to know every man, woman and child in the neighborhood wherein they serve, and are sure to be impressed by anything unusual, even by so small a matter as the raising of a curtain habitually kept down or the lowering of one habitually kept up. Every resident's face is quite familiar to them and a stranger in a district instantly attracts attention.

Seasoned officers showing ability usually, if they wish, may secure transfer to divisions other than that of patrolman. There are several special divisions, such as the mounted branch and various technical branches.

VIENNA has 111 police stations connected with one another by telegraph and telephone wires to the total length of about three thousand kilometres. Just a thousand "patrol posts" are manned day and night.

Vienna Police in the Middle Ages. A scene from the Police Film showing a City Policeman rescuing a girl from a member of the City Guard.

The policeman goes on duty at twelve noon and nominally remains on duty until twelve noon the following day, but his twenty-four hours of duty are spent three hours on beat and three at the station house alternately, making eight changes of duty, like the eight watches on shipboard.

PRESIDENT SCHOBER, who justly may be spoken of as one of the greatest policemen in the world, exercises a contsant care over the lives and happiness of the policemen to whose care the health and safety of Vienna's population is entrusted. The Police Hospital was established with funds privately contributed and its total upkeep is similarly taken care of. Policemen worn by the sometimes far too strenuous life of their often very onerous employment may go to the Police Recreation Home, located just outside the city.

Vienna had its very violent crime wave after the war. Burglaries and hold-ups became unprecedentedly bold and frequent, and the city was much alarmed. The result was the creation of an organization known as the

(*Continued on page* 52)

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The Quest for the Magazine Cover Girl

Mystery and a Race Between Detectives to Find Her Mark the Disappearance of a Montclair Society Girl

(Transcribed from the Records of the Missing Persons Bureau by Edward Luce)

ON a Montclair height two perturbed men paced the panelled brick length of the Edeson porch—back and forth, back and forth. Occasionally Mr. Edeson would step to that sunny angle where there was a clear view southeastward and would peer strainingly toward distant Gotham. He could see far, could make out the mold and form of Manhattan, pick out tiny Liberty and distinguish the great city's tower bridges. The ordinarily dapple gray city of New York lay there below him, a mixture now of long shadows and of bright yellows poured on it by the distant sun. The sharp wintry air was clear and the projecting shore line of Brooklyn seemed to thrust out toward him.

But peer as he might, he could make out nothing in the great musty territory that his eyes sought. The rising hill of Prospect Park and the morning mark where Brooklyn's factories were busily besmirching the sky hid the Jamaica Bay district even when he turned a telescope that way.

His straining eyes sought a place far away where ships of the air and ships of the sea might be pursuing a fluttering Argosy to the hiding place of the kidnappers. He had rejoiced the evening before over Foster's telephoned reports of early successes, but his heart had sunk with the western sun when he had been told of that last cast with the pigeon in the evening glow and of the mysterious flight the bird had made out toward unknown waters.

This man's gaze was directed into the ether. He felt that he could and feared that he would see mounting there a manbird soaring on an errand concerning which he was full of fear. Occasionally Bruce, the collie, would join his master in the keen gazing. He seemed to understand what was sought.

"Judge," finally flamed forth Mr. Edeson's long-held-back thought, "I can't stand this. I'm going to insist that they tie the money to the pigeon and set it free."

"You surely wouldn't let a bunch of scoundrels like that go loose with $5,000?"

"I would—and with ten thousand besides if it would bring Helen back. What's five thousand beside my girl—even beside my wife's health. She is surely sinking upstairs here. Think of distress of this thing last night with Foster telephoning every two hours that they had a line on where to go—and then at dusk that they had to give it up because the pigeon headed out into the bay. It's only hope that's keeping Mrs. Edeson from a nervous breakdown this minute."

"Well, no one can stop your throwing away the money but I certainly can have nothing to do with it. If they can get $5,000 as easy as that, they won't set Helen free, but will send back for more money—and then the hunt will have to be made all over again. The time to go after them is the first time.

"Foster is right—track them right down is the method. It's queer though that we haven't heard from him this morning. I expected we would get a message telling whether he had found a plane or not. He hadn't located one when I talked with him after dinner last night."

Mr. Edeson by this time, however, was past all harkening to objections.

"Well, I'm going to disregard all your methods and send the money. The father's heart must come first.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

ONE of the unpublished stories of the Police Department deals with the sudden disappearance of Helen Edeson, a beautiful Montclair girl who vanished suddenly in Manhattan streets after telling her mother not to be surprised at anything. Judge Varney, a great corporation lawyer, reported the case to Captain Raye of the Missing Persons Bureau at Police Headquarters, after two private detective agencies and S. Holmes Foster, famous as the Private Investigator, had failed to find her. Judge Varney's son is in love with Helen and he tells of a quarrel with her.

Also it had developed that Foster's interest in the case arose from a romantic admiration for the missing girl. He believed hypnotists had kidnapped her. A current magazine had a cover picture remarkably like Helen and Captain Raye had his men use the cover in searching for her. He found that an aged white-bearded artist had disappeared from Brooklyn the same day as the girl; then he noticed that the signature on the painting was a collie's head with the word "Shep" on the collar.

Talking to Mr. Edeson in his fine Montclair home the Captain has just learned that the artist's name, Schafer, would be translated Shepherd in English and decides that there is a connection between the two disappearances. Soon the Edesons receive a demand for $5,000 ransom, the money to be tied to a carrier pigeon's leg and the pigeon set free. He follows the pigeon with an aeroplane and it leads him to a tiny houseboat out at Barren Island in Jamaica Bay. The story now returns to the Edeson home.

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You, who are not personally interested, can give fine advice but you don't have to endure the agony."

"Hiram, you forget! My boy—"

"Excuse me, old friends. Understand me, won't you? If we should fail in any way to try to trace Helen—if we should fail to send this five thousand how could we ever forgive ourselves—or even look each other in the eyes—my wife and I—if—if—"

The sad voice broke and something like a sob shook him. Bruce sympathetically thrust a cold muzzle against his master's hand.

To divert his friend's mind Judge Varney turned attention to a problem that had been puzzling him slightly as he had walked back and forth. He called to the private detective agency operative who kept constant watch by the gate to come up the steep grade to the porch.

"Where is the other man who was here all the time until yesterday?"

"Oh, he's just sick, so I was sent out to take his place."

"Tell me, how did it come that the pigeon was left there by the gate without you knowing about it?"

"That could easily happen when we move around the house or something like that—but it wasn't in my time anyway?"

"Then in whose was it?"

"Brendan was on."

"You mean the fellow who is ill?"

"Sure."

"Well, how did he explain it?"

"All I heard was that he said he found the cage standing there on the brick wall—left there while he was making a turn around the house."

"Yes, that's what he told me," Mr. Edeson interjected.

"Did he say anything about hearing a motor or footsteps—this was in the dead of night I take it?"

"Yes, sir, about three-thirty in the morning I believe."

The judge asked if anything more was known, receiving only a shake of the head by way of reply. There came now a sudden stir forward by Bruce, a scurry at the front gate and then a lively throwing of gravel as a taxi-cab clambered up the steep circular grade.

"Thanks be—here are reinforcements," breathed Judge Varney at sight of Captain Raye stepping out. Now he would have aid in opposing the waste of the five thousand.

After mutual explanations the struggle was resumed. Mr. Edeson called one of his men and handed over a packet that contained the big bill he had drawn from his bank the day before. Judge Varney was not, however, silenced:

"I wash my hands of this part," said he. "I would myself meet the demand if only it meant getting Helen back—but this means only more trouble—just more trouble."

"Perhaps not, judge," broke in the voice of Captain Raye. "Who can tell but that the mere solace of having done something may be a benefit to Mrs. Edeson—and possibly to Mr. Edeson here."

"Then captain, you favor my paying the money?" This was the eager voice of the father.

"How could I, Mr. Edeson, so long as I am of the police. We are sworn to apprehend and to punish. We are happy in the privilege of sometimes being able to forgive and aid—but only where there is repentance! We cannot in the nature of things approve of giving thousands to lawbreakers who still are unregenerate—are even in its receipt committing an additional crime. No, my remark was addressed only to Judge Varney's observation—because paying the money may be a temporary solace to you. It may buoy your wife with hope for a day or two, during which time we may be able to get farther along with two things that I came to see you about.

"But, captain, I cannot let any chance to have Helen go—do you realize that should we fail to trace these men after having refused their demands that my wife's reason might give way—"

"Yes, I do realize that the consequences may be serious. That is the reason I do not want to put too many obstacles in your way—despite the fact that neither officially nor personally can I indorse the move. I have a reason—"

"Quickly, please, captain, I have only minutes; I must act at once if I am to do so— Already I am tortured by the thought that I should have sent the money without consulting any of you."

"Briefly, Mr. Edeson, my men have learned that some scheme to obtain money from you is afoot, quite aside from the absence of Miss Helen—with which I am sure kidnappers had nothing to do. I don't believe this note. I don't think Miss Helen is in any danger—"

"Yes, but otherwise how could anyone have known that we were hunting for her?"

"Why, hundreds know she is away, though it is true that only a few persons know just how you are hunting for her—and that in itself is a clew."

"You cannot mean that anyone would be so cruel as to send that note as a hoax—just to scare us, to torture us?"

"No, the motive lies deeper than that. I cannot tell you of certain things we of the police do in order to keep our hands on the pulse of New York—of the nation even—since the very life of America centres there in large part. But we have information that a certain man was telling another how easy it would be to get money from you—for recovering your daughter. We know no more so far, but this note and the difficulty Mr. Foster is having tracing the sender seem to point to a mind highly trained in eluding pursuit or identification."

"You make me hesitate about the money—even though I shall never be able to forgive myself—shall always suffer from the consequences if this reward matter goes amiss."

"That is the very reason why I am not attempting to dissuade you. I am content to lay the case before you. Let me explain—"

There was to be no need of explaining. The long trill of the telephone bell broke off short the course of each man's thoughts. Nor, as afterwards proved, was the current of the argument to be resumed.

"It's Wilkinson," said Mr. Edeson, after he had answered the first hail, "Yes, Barren Island—where's that?"

"In Jamaica Bay, beyond Brooklyn," broke in Captain Raye.

"They've followed the pigeon to a houseboat out in the bay and its empty—no girl ever there, they think. Only a few man's things around."

"Who owns it? Is his name ————?"

"Hush—there's a trail through the mud of the beach. A man's footprints deep down—over the shoetops.

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They've followed it across the island to a landing where a motor-boat left a little while ago—Foster and his men have gone back for their speed boats and are going to chase it

"Let me have the phone please, Mr. Edeson—this is where the police can be of use. We have organization—power—we can do things this man can't."

Then into the phone. "Which way did that boat head? . . . Toward Sheepshead Bay! . . . Naturally! . . . Know any more . . . No! Then, bye."

Turn out your reserves at once please and watch the "L" Station, the Ocean avenue trolley terminus and all the cab stands. Put men on Shell Road, Ocean Avenue and Emmons Avenue to keep on eye out for a car with muddy footprints on its running board.

"Have the men at the trains and cars watch for a man with mud up to his ankles—he won't have time to clean it off. Have another man watch the bay front for a motorboat with muddy tracks. We want him for extortion."

The collie turned mutely questioning eyes toward the men

Ensued a measured moving of the receiver hook. "Spring 3100, please, in a hurry—a police call."

Before the others could quite grasp the situation Captain Raye had been connected with Headquarters and through it with the captain in command at Sheepshead Bay police station.

"Captain Raye, Missing Persons Bureau, speaking.

"You mean abduction, Captain."

"No, I don't think so," and the captain turned to explaining the case to his confrere of Sheepshead Bay. He gave no details, however, until after he heard over the 'phone the hurried scuff of heavily shod feet and the slam of a door that told that the hunt was on.

He was putting down the receiver when a thought

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struck him. He called his own bureau in Headquarters and in response to the answering voice, said:

"Yes, that's the name—what's the address? All right, get the captain there to send two men. You attend to it."

Then he gave directions that were mystifying to his hearers. "Some other case," thought Mr. Edeson.

Excusing himself, the captain strolled out to the front lawn, where he was seen talking to the agency detective.

The telephone's clear signal brought him back at a run and the twinkle in his eyes died down as he listened to a report.

"They found his footprints with fresh mud that hadn't frozen yet at the Ocean avenue car termintl. So he's on a car bound for Flatbush or Brooklyn. They have telephoned to the other stations to watch out for him but that's kind of a big order, even for the police. Unless he rides to the end of the line or gets off at the Flatbush avenue transfer we haven't much chance that way," he said after thanking his fellow officer of Sheepshead Bay.

"How can you possibly know so much about the city?" asked the wondering Mr. Edeson.

"Oh, after you've been transferred a few dozen times from one precinct to another you know the ins and outs of all parts of the town," was the tension-relieving explanation.

Ensued a 'phone message from Foster that he had landed at Sheepshead Bay but had not caught sight of his quarry all the way from Barren Island. He was about to look over all the boats around the Bay for muddy tracks, he was telling Mr. Edeson when Captain Raye had his host interrupt and tell Foster not to bother about the search for a few minutes but to telephone again in a quarter of an hour.

Mr. Edeson, who had been urging Foster on, was caught unprepared and turned to Captain Raye with some feeling. He was perhaps afraid that professional jealousy might be at the bottom of the request, but the Captain's quick reassurance calmed him.

"Foster's all right," said the Captain, the characteristic twinkle in his blue-gray eyes reappearing. "He's doing everything a one-man organization can do. Just ask him to wait a little bit. That boat won't move and if its needed he can hunt for it afterward."

"You are so confident of catching this man on the cars?" said Mr. Edeson, after passing the request on to the astonished Foster.

"No—we'll let the telephone answer you—I think," said Captain Raye, for the bell was again sounding its imperative summons.

"Got him, eh?" was the Captain's first comment after listening to a long discourse. "Says he never saw Helen—just after the money. Well, hold him on the extortion charge for extradition to New Jersey—he'll get a lovely sentence over here." And he rang off.

Mr. Edeson and Judge Varney, eager and by now credulous listeners, broke into a flood of questions.

"It's Brendan, the man who found the pigeon out here. He was so surprised at being caught that he confessed. He thought he saw a chance to make $5,000 without being suspected. Knew you would pay it readily enough, so he used his old fishing shack which he had been keeping as a homing-pigeon's roost, or cote, or whatever you call it—and thought he was safe. He never figured on surveyors and airplanes or the police telephone system at all, so we caught him at the door of his apartment, walking in with his muddy boots still sopping. You see, he ran away from the shack as soon as he heard the airplane.

"But how did you get him?" came the double query.

"I told you we knew someone had said it would be easy to make money out of this case. We knew it was one of the agency men, because it was overheard at their office, but we didn't know which one. When you told me of the ransom note and that Brendan had reported ill here, I suspected him and I simply had a couple of men sent around to his house in Flatbush, Brooklyn. He walked right in on them, thanks to Mr. Wilkinson telling us about his escape so promptly."

EAGERLY, excitedly, the two men had listened to the rapidly moving chronicle of events. But when the end was not the end they sought, there came disillusionment—reaction. Many minutes elapsed before Captain Raye, respectful of their feelings, sought to interest them again. What somber thoughts passed through their brains they did not reveal, but their looks told of hopes shattered. Finally Mr. Edeson moved to recover the $5,000 bill from his servant.

This gave Captain Raye his opportunity for bringing up the second question of the day. Young Varney, he recalled, had, on the occasion of his former visit mentioned something about a possible double of Miss Helen. Now he wished to learn what was back of it. Could it be that he, like Foster, had been following a false trail? He did not believe so, but Young Varney's remark had clung in his memory and he had returned for further light.

"Mr. Edeson," said he, "I am convinced that whatever escapade Miss Helen is engaged in is an innocent one—I couldn't think anything else after what you have told me—yet we have this apparently clear-cut proof that this old man Schafer and a girl like your daughter went away together."

"What clear-cut proof?"

"Well, you remember, don't you, that when your wife told me of the very small size of shoe that Miss Helen wears that I took a pair of her shoes back to New York with me. I had one of my men canvass the shoe shining parlors around Hudson Terminal for traces of a girl with a very small foot like that. Also I told my men who are working the northern roads to see the bootblacks. Now I have two reports that conflict with the one fixed theory I have in this case.

"My man at the Hudson Terminal found a bootblack who remembered a girl with such a foot. She had him shine her black oxfords. This Tony says that while she was having her shoes shined her father, who was with her, went out and bought two large leather suitcases. They were good ones, Tony noticed. Also, the young lady bought long porpoise skin shoe laces. For skating shoes, Tony thought.

"Then my man up the river says a bootblack at Kingston remembers a girl he called Cinderella, her feet were so small. He says her father was with her. Now those things seem to indicate a double flight, don't they? And yet somehow I can't bring myself to believe—"

"Nor would you if you knew Helen," broke in Mr. Edeson. "And that reminds me of something that may either complicate the case or simplify it. It's about the double. Let me show you a letter the Judge's son has just turned over to me and which offers a new light

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on the case. It may explain some of the clews you gentlemen are working on."

And Mr. Edeson handed over to Captain Raye a brightly chaffy letter that in its important passage read:

"If you only knew it, I have a double—a girl so like me that you can't tell us apart. Which one of us will get that proposal Christmas, that's the question."

The Captain whistled. Could it be that they were trailing a double and not Helen at all? The mere thought was dismaying. He recalled Ulrich's report of the night before:

"This artist," the detective had said, "sure is an odd bird. We can't find out anything about him here in town up to about three months ago when he rented this studio over on the Heights. Said he wanted to paint the river and the boats shuttling about in sunshiny water—and he certainly did have a wonderful view of them.

"Funny thing is, though, that as far as we can find out he never painted it. Landlady says what he turned out was these fierce new highbrow things, cubist or what d'ye call them. Green women with red eyes, towns standing on their heads, blue meadows with lavender cows in them and this sort of thing. Painted a lot of 'em—it ought to be easy to turn out that stuff—and sold 'em, too, she thinks, because he always had a little money."

"Well, that's all lovely, but what about the girl?" the Captain asked. "Was she there?"

"That's something we can't find out. It's a duplex apartment arrangement with a door to the studio on the other side of the house from the landlady's front door. So she didn't see just who went into the studio, though she says a good many women called on him, customers or models, she doesn't know which. Almost every day she saw at least one woman. Then the last day, just before he lit out, there was two queer looking men standing across the street watching the place, she thought. She was just on the verge of calling the police in to see what the men were up to when this bird up and flies."

"What became of the men?"

"Why they called on her the day this Schafer disappeared and asked where it was he had gone. They had chased him out Eastern Parkway in a taxi, but the landlady, she didn't even know he had gone. She went over into his studio and there it was partly cleaned out. He left his big easel because it was too heavy to move, I reckon, and he left some daubs of paintings and another old easel and a lot of small stuff. Looks as if he left in a hurry. Only thing interesting I see is two dogs he left there—didn't dare take them along, it looks like, for fear he'd be traced by them."

"What kind of dogs?"

"Collies. If we can get any line on where this fellow might be those dogs would lead use right to him, once they caught the scent"

A good man, Ulrich, and enthusiastic—so why dampen his enthusiasm by commenting on the poor prospect for getting the dogs close enough to the scent to catch the missing Schafer.

Therefore the Captain's answer had been "Fine! That's an idea! Meanwhile I wish you would go back and try to trail down the two men. They had eight days' start on us on the trail and maybe they know something. If they don't know where he is they're pretty sure to keep an eye on the house, watching for him to return. You stick around there, taking turns with your partner until you make sure whether or not they're watching the house."

Judge Varney broke in on Captain Raye's thoughts of Ulrich's report. "Captain," said he, "this possibility of a double troubles me, too. How can we settle it?"

"The very way!—the very way!" shouted the captain with a sharp clap of first in palm. "We'll put it to the test today!"

"But how?" was Mr. Edeson's natural query.

THREE hours later a very much annoyed Columbia Heights lady was explaining to Captain Raye: "If I'd know I was to have all this trouble I never would have reported this case to you. There wasn't anything alarming about his going away, except that the two men were across the street the day before and I was afraid there might be something wrong.

He was free to go—his rent is paid for three months ahead and he left ten dollars on the mantel with a note that it was to be used in feeding the dogs. The man he had to care for the place comes in and feeds the dogs and takes them out. He's paid for a month in advance, too, but he doesn't know any more than I do about where Mr. Schafer went."

"Did he ever talk about any particular place?"

"Not that I can say, except once he said he wanted to do some snow scenes in this here queer way he painted."

"Snow scenes, eh? He couldn't have gotten them around here this mild winter, could he? Do you know any of the women who called on him?"

"Not a one—but there was nearly always some woman calling of a morning. He didn't have many men coming here, outside of the Syrian."

"What Syrian?"

"Oh, I don't know, maybe he was a Turk or an Armenian—he used to carry away bundles occasionally—paintings, I think. He was dark and looked like one of those easterners. Must have been rich—fine car, fur collared coat that cost a lot of money, and heavy gold jewelry that looked like it might have been King Solomon's."

A mental note on the Captain's part—"King Solomon!"

Here a limousine with a Jersey license drove up to the door, and, with a "Here comes our party," Captain Raye asked the landlady to take him and the newcomers into the studio.

But a part of the newly-arrived party did not readily enter the studio nor even leave the limousine. Bruce, the black and white collie, was sulky and indisposed to be led, but Mr. Edeson, who had him in hand, finally coaxed him reluctantly into the studio stairway. Once all three and the dog were in the studio proper, Captain Raye closed the door and asked the others to stand quietly and watch Bruce.

The doggy smell of the place at first antagonized the collie and he stood on guard as if awaiting the coming of the dogs that he knew belonged there. Evidently he felt himself an intruder. As he gradually realized that the home dogs were not in the big room, which was in fact closed off by partition from their quarters in the rear, Bruce walked idly about.

Idly he moved until he passed the "throne" on which the last model had sat in front of the big adjustable easel. Something there made him halt and turn an inquiring nose toward the "throne"—which was nothing

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more than an old gilt chair on a dais. He took one step up on the dais with an odd hesitating air—and then suddenly he leaped at the "throne."

Flung over the arm was an old blue kimono-like wrap and to this Bruce's black and white muzzle went unerringly. Dog-sense is mostly nose-sense and its possessors have none of that distrust in their own faculties that errant humans have learned to apply as brakes to their faulty judgment. Bruce knew in an instant why he had been brought to this queer doggy room. Whimpering, he nuzzled the silk and then—

Then he slowly brought his head around and turned two mutely inquiring eyes on Mr. Edeson. Dog patience and dog loyalty on a monument, asking:

"Where is she?"

And Captain Raye had his answer to the question whether he was pursuing a double.

Mr. Edeson threw his arm up before his eyes and sank into a chair.

BEFORE they left the place Captain Raye called in Ulrich's partner, whose "fixed post" was up the street a little, and gave him new instructions.

"I see I gave you a fool's errand. Those chaps, if they were dogging Schafer, will never bother to come back here to learn if he has returned. Come to the window—— See how plainly this house can be seen from Water street on the Manhattan side. All those fellows have to do is to walk down to the waterfront every evening and look for a light here. Maybe they are over there in some lodging house, looking at us with binoculars now. That's unlikely, though. Chances are they never would bother with anything like that."

"That's the idea, though," he went on. "You and Ulrich light this place up tonight and see if we can't toll those birds over here. Get a couple of the other men to help you, and arrange it so you can bottle up the street and have a bum-looking car without any 'P. D.' on it in each block north and south.

"Have a bearded man of about this Schafer's style pass in front of the curtain occasionally—not too often. Meanwhile, take this sketch the landlady says is him over to Headquarters and have them look through the gallery for him. Maybe you can turn him up."

"Heavens, Mr. Captain, you don't think he could be a crook! Why, he had the nicest letters from California, where he came from. They said he sold lots of paintings there."

"Were they letters from men or women?" snapped the Captain.

"Why, women, sir."

"And he had women calling here—thought so!" This case is getting more into the regulation class every minute."

"What do you mean, Captain?" Thus Mr. Edeson.

"Well, I will have to qualify it. It's still out of the ordinary on your daughter's side. But this man—he falls into one of our common classifications for missing persons. He's very fond of women. Though he's sixty, according to Mrs. MacDonough here, he's as much mixed up with feminine friends as a lad of twenty.

"Then there's probably something in this story of the men across the street. Nothing unusual about a man vanishing when some of his old pals pursue him. Only we don't know what it is they're hunting him for. We've just had a wire from California and they report he's been highly respectable. Lived in a fine section of Los Angeles for four or five years. What did he leave a good living there for, Mrs. MacDonough?" And the Captain turned suddenly on her.

"Why, he said something unexpected happened—personal reasons. I thought he had lost his money like."

"Perhaps—but did these two men you saw across the street look like westerners to you—anything unusual?"

"Why, no, sir. I gave their descriptions to your men. They weren't cowboys or anything like that. Their faces were very pinched and pale—I remember that. Nothing hearty or swinging about them, if that's what you mean. I wouldn't say they were New Yorkers, either—not by their clothes."

"Mercer," said Captain Raye to the detective, "you get the name of the manufacturer off those two frames that are just alike over there in the corner. There's a mark on them, I noticed. Take them with you and get the names of all the dealers the maker sold that style to. I want a Syrian, or a Turk, or something like an art dealer who dealt with this fellow. Call me at Headquarters in an hour or so."

The Captain drove away with Mr. Edeson in the limousine. The father was silent until they were on Manhattan bridge.

"Captain, I've been thinking it all over—it's just unbelievable. I won't believe—I can't for a moment believe—Helen was mixed up with any man. I'll admit it does look as though they went away together, but I simply can't imagine any reason for it."

"That's exactly it, Mr. Edeson. We're up against the blank wall there. But that's what detectives are for—to scale blank walls. Possibly in this case we'll have to blast a whole through one."

ARRIVED at Headquarters, Captain Raye called in Detective Jameson.

"It seems to me, Jameson, that I remember one of the detectives in the last lot that went through the school said he was formerly a clerk in an art store. Look through the file of previous occupations of policemen and see if you can locate him. I want him."

And he turned to the daily reports: "Nothing so far on your daughter on any of the roads going north. My man is going on up the main Albany road now. She's not in any hospital around here, my men find—they've actually been through the women's wards.

"And also the men who covered the stations report no luck. Lots of pretty girls passed and they thought they had a clew at Yonkers, but they got the taxi man who brought the girl to the station and traced her home. Her hair was bobbed—and had been for years. Lives in Colonial Heights—might be the double your daughter wrote about. We can't learn that she ever heard of your daughter, though. Her friends think she is the original of the magazine cover and she's rather proud of it. We asked her if any two strangers had followed her lately but she said not."

Mr. Edeson, who had acted as if partly dazed since the revelations at the studio, here was spurred to speech.

"Captain, when I come to remember it, there was something said about two tough-looking tramps hanging about our house one day last week."

"Well, the blank wall is building higher and higher," was Captain Raye's comment, after he ascertained that Mr. Edeson knew no more. With a request that the

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stricken father get all possible details about the men and 'phone them to him—also that Mr. Edeson return in two days, the Captain despatched him home.

Not long afterward Francis Brenner, rather new to the detective business and still having some of the bearing and blandness of the art-store salesman he once had been, reported from the main Detective Division. Having learned that he could have Brenner's services, the Captain entered into executive session with him—a session in which King Solomon's name was spoken. Brenner left to divest himself of all suggestion of the detective and to resume the clothing he once had worn in the precincts of art.

ON the second day there was more to tell Mr. Edeson. The lighted trap at the studio had drawn in two gray moths, who, on arrest and investigation, had proved they had been put in Leavenworth prison for anti-war activities in 1917 and had only recently been pardoned by the President.

They were from Kansas City, they said, and when Mrs. MacDonough identified them as the men she had seen, they explained that they had seen a very pretty girl visiting a man's studio and had been watching the pair with a view to a little blackmailing. They were broke and needed the money, they added. They denied knowing Schafer, but Captain Raye insisted they were lying.

"How did this man get away from you?" asked Captain Raye, "if you were there when he left, as you say?"

"Well, we couldn't speak to him on the street very well. We wanted to get him alone to talk to him."

"Yes," was the apparently credulous comment. "What happened?"

"He drove off in a taxi one morning with a Turk or an Armenian or something like that—awful flashy chap. We couldn't stop the two of them, but Schafer had a suitcase. We thought he was running away, so we took a taxi and followed them."

"Pretty rich for blackmailers!"

"We had only a couple of dollars, but we didn't want him to get away."

"Of course, and you followed him to Grand Central?"

"No, no—to the Tube station. The Turk or whatever he was got out and Schafer met the girl we told you about. They did some shopping, got a couple of more suitcases and then went back to Brooklyn."

"In the taxi?"

"No, subway—we followed them."

"Without his seeing you?"

"Certainly—he only caught one glimpse of us—that was the evening before he quit."

"What next?"

"From Clark Street they took the subway out on a big Parkway—Eastern Parkway—to Kingston Avenue station, and then took a taxi there."

"You took one, too?"

"Sure, but it wasn't any use—we didn't have money enough to go far—just out in the country a little toward Garden City or some such place. He got out of sight and we had to give up."

"Sure he was headed out that way?"

"Absolutely—we can give you the cab license so you can trace him if you'll let us go. We haven't done anything—didn't get a chance."

"Let you go? Fine! You fellows ought to be up in Eddie Cantor's show, you're so funny. How do we know you didn't kill Schafer and the girl? They're both missing."

"Why Schafer's home—we saw him."

"Not much; you saw a shadow—a dummy we fixed up. * * * Now come across; tell the truth. We practically know Schafer and the girl went north. Quit this story about their going out east and tell us."

Deep silence on the part of the two trapped men—then dogged speech by the more talkative one:

"We can't say any more than that the two of them went out in the country on Long Island somewhere. We would have followed them if we could. That's the truth, Captain."

It gave Captain Raye pause. Could it be that Foster had been right—and he wrong all the time?

Did the arrow of proper pursuit point east or north?

(To be continued)

As to Bundles

"THERE'S one thing they don't teach in the School of Instruction that ought to be emphasized there," said the Old Sergeant. "And it can all be told in three words—or six."

"Spill them," said the Rookie, "I've heard a lot that was told in two thousand words to the lesson. If you've got any six-word regulations hid in your cap, let's hear 'em."

"They're very simple," said the Old Sergeant, "they're just these:

"Don't carry bundles when in uniform."

"And why not?" asked the Rookie, "We've got to go shopping same as other people."

"Sure, but you don't have to do much of it in uniform. I'm not talking about the piece of steak or the cereal you take home from the store, I'm talking about real bundles. And that's where my memory tells me things you wouldn't ever think of. There was a day when the force bore a far worse reputation than it has today, and if a cop was seen carrying a bundle he would hear remarks about it passed at his back. Now things have changed a lot since that time, but that old idea that a cop might be bringing home some 'graft' still exists in some minds. Therefore, to be seen with a large bundle is to invite criticism in those minds."

"I never would have thought of that," was the Rookie's comment.

"Well, you must remember," broke in the Old Sergeant, "that some of the people who see you are crooks, or potential crooks. And, of course, those people are inclined to believe everyone else is a crook."

"Yes," broke in the Rookie, "but they're the very ones who must be made to understand that we are straight. It's most important they shouldn't suspect the cops."

"Takin' the words out of your commander's mouth is something they should have taught you not to do. However, that's the fact."

"Well, I'm gaining in knowledge every day," said the Rookie. "Besides, I had not had any notion of making a pack-horse of myself. And, again, there's another reason—I think you're right."

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Havana *Jacksonville*

Strike!—Revolution!—Then a Field Day

Being the Chronicle of the Troubles the Cuban National Police Had in Holding a Festival

By CHARLES M. RAPHUN

Police Aide to Mayor Alsop, Jacksonville, Fla. Director of Jacksonville and Havana Field Days

HOW the inauguration of a new administration in Jacksonville, Fla., led to the starting of what promises to be a long series of international Police Field Days to be held each winter in Jacksonville and Havana is here told by the organizer of the first two events.

JOHN T. ALSOP, JR., who took office as Mayor of Jacksonville, Fla., just a year ago, and Fred M. Valz, an attorney who was elected Director of Public Safety at the same time, at once decided to promote a new spirit in the Police and Fire Departments. One of the means to this end that they decided on was the holding of a Field Day, partly to stir the interest of the men in athletics, partly to raise funds for the pension funds.

Mr. Valz and Chief Abel J. Roberts of the Jacksonville department promptly journeyed to New York to study traffic regulation and take in the last field day. Commissioner Valz was so pleased with the possibilities that he telegraphed to the writer to visit several cities and obtain data useful in planning a big Field Day for Jacksonville.

After months of preparation, New Years Day—January first, nineteen twenty-four, was selected for the first Field Day ever attempted by any city south of Norfolk.

With seats at one dollar, $15,983 was the total ticket sale and more than $11,000 reverted to the pension funds. This seems ample to meet the demands on the fund.

Perhaps you are wondering where Havana comes in. It is right here. An observer from the Cuban capital attended the Jacksonville show and as a result a few days later the municipality of Havana and the Police Athletic Club of the Cuban National Police applied to Jacksonville for the loan of the Director to aid Havana in staging a similar Field Day. The exhibition was quickly arranged for Cuba's Independence Day, May 20th, 1924.

Sergeant Hoover of Jacksonville directed the motor racing program, trained men for special feature events and also rehearsed the comedy portion of the field day program. He was ably assisted by special policemen detailed to the work.

From headquarters at the Hotel Royal Palm Dr. L. G. Ramsey handled the preparation of fifty thousand numbered tickets and their proper distribution to the seventeen police stations. Fireman Berk assumed charge of the athletic training of the Havana fire department men—who had never had a day's athletic training before Berk took them in charge.

CUBA enjoys an unique police system, the National Police being under the direct supervision of the Secretary of Interior, Dr. Rafael Iturralde. There is a Chief of Police, General Placido Hernandez, with headquarters in Havana and under him each province of the republic, has its local police director, or Deputy Chief.

Chief Abel J. Roberts of the Jacksonville Police

Twenty-two hundred uniformed men are credited to the Havana city force. Twenty-three hundred Secret Police is the number given as the detective force of the republic. The total force on the island is stated as twelve thousand men. They may well be termed the National Police.

Mayor, or as the Spanish title has it, Alcalde Municipal, Senor Jose Maria de la Cuesta of Havana, has absolutely nothing to do with the police of his city, other than to have assigned to his staff one Captain Adjutant and one Lieutenant as aid. The mayor does control the firemen, or as they are called in Cuban, "Bomberos."

ELEVEN days after the Jacksonville contingent reached Havana and just as the Field Day machinery seemed to be working smoothly, striking dock laborers were voted the support of all other labor organizations and Havana was promptly tied up tightly in a general strike. The only things not interfered with were milk delivery wagons for children's milk, city water works and electric light.

The police were withdrawn from Field Day activity—the firemen were held in quarters and the Jacksonville staff sat in their hotel twiddling their thumbs. The Field Day promotion came to a sudden and complete stop.

For nine long days—nine valuable days—that could not be employed for entertainment because of the strike

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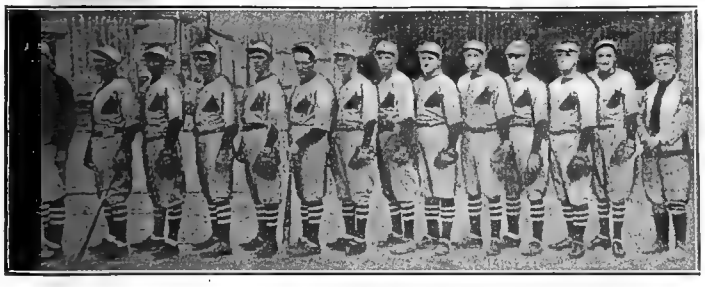
—the only contact between the police and the Field Day promotion was the valuable service of Lieutenant Carlos M. del Calvo, Secretary of the National Police Athletic Club. After nine days, almost as suddenly as it had appeared, the strike difficulty disappeared, the strike was over—overnight.

IMMEDIATELY everyone was busy again—messengers trooped in and out of headquarters—the police were all on the Field Day job again, and the ticket distribution was re-started. The press once more found room for news stories and the Field Day project was launched a second time. General Enoch Crowder, the American Ambassador, became interested in the International Field Day, and his Third Secretary spent much time with the Jacksonville men. So after the strike smoke had cleared away, the sunshine of success seemed to light the way. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

THERE is no political significance in this article; it is merely the chronicle of a Field Day and of a series of features that go to make up Field Days. Tammany Hall in all its glory cannot boast of the volume of variety of kinds, types and colors of politicians that Cuba has in its pot-pouri—its cosmopolitan citizenship. One day all seem to be Field Day inspired, the next day is most likely to develop a plentiful lack of Field Day interest even in those who should be most interested.



National Police Athletic Club Baseball Team

In the sugar cane country of Santa Clara and of Matanzas, and way down in the mining province of Oriente, even as far away as Baracoa, now that the general strike has been duly settled there seems to be nothing more exciting to do than to read the thousands of colored posters and Field Day advertising placards that are distributed over eight hundred miles of island. Yet there is something more exciting—a rumor of unrest.

Revolution rampant starts overnight, reversing the strike method. Men take to the woods, they fire rifles and intimidate the populace. The newspapers drop the Field Day news, they fairly scream their headlines, and murder, arson and a small-sized Inferno are loose. Check the bet on the Field Day. Put it on the shelf.

Police, and this time soldiers, are called to quarters. The faithful detail aiding the Jacksonville workers is again withdrawn. This time it is said to be serious, the Government must declare that a state of war exists. There can be no Field Day, no, the President will not allow any meetings, no crowds can assemble.

Meanwhile the Revolution rocks along. Some "battles" favor the Revolutionists and some favor the government. Then the President decides that he is tired of the foolishness. He takes the field at the head of his loyal army. And in two days the revolution is knocked into a cocked hat.

Nineteen American athletes from the Jacksonville police and fire departments and five national guard athletes arrive in Havana—the revolution just getting out of the way in time. Only five days remain in which to dispose of the tickets—fifty thousand of them! So the sale starts. Distinguished visitors arrive by boat, Havana resumes its tourist season aspect. One excursion party organized in Florida to attend the Field Day is comprised of three hundred and ninety-six Americans.

The great day arrives! The program schedules twenty-four field and track events. Exhibition drills by

A Field Day Team Representing the National Police Athletic Club

police and firemen. The hair-raising spectacle of the burning building, the marvelous rescue of the inmates. The great baseball game between the champion police team and the picked team of firemen from all over Cuba. It is a day of days, beautiful to contemplate. Weather is ideal.

The first field day had an actual attendance of about eight thousand persons, six thousand nine hundred and thirty-three tickets being sold at prices ranging from one to two dollars. Although the Cubans showed themselves in splendid form, the American police and firemen took almost every event. Cuba excelled in the Javelin throw, the only first prize falling to the Island athletes. The Cubans proved to be good sports, cheered the American winners and lavished wholesale entertainment upon their visitors.

As a result of the first Cuban Field Day the island will send many contenders to Jacksonville for the Field Day of January 1, 1925, and Jacksonville will again visit Cuba to participate in the second Cuban Field Day, February 22, 1925.

Cop Wins His Victim

SAM GAZZOLO rides a motorcycle as a member of the police of Hudson County, N. J. Last December his vehicle struck Miss Lillian Graf of 697 Syms street, West Hoboken, knocking her over. An inventory showed that she had a broken ankle as well as minor injuries. She was sent to the Hudson County Hospital, where Gazzolo called to see her and tell her he was sorry.

The Hudson County motorcycles are insured against accidents and Miss Graf received $2,500 for her broken ankle. That sum will just furnish the home that Mr. and Mrs. Gazzolo will occupy after Miss Graf becomes the policeman's bride.

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Radio-Police!

A Prophecy of 1925

By MARION LEE

(Reprinted from the Radio Magazine of August, 1925)

What Has Gone Before

This story of radio and police cooperation in 1925 (a reprint from the Radio Magazine of August, 1925) begins on May 16 of that year, when four South Americans explode a bomb at the Pan-American building in Washington at the celebration over a disarmament treaty between the U. S. and Latin America. The dynamiters escape north in a big red English car about 11:20 a.m. and it is 12:30 before the newly-established National Police Bureau in Washington is able to broadcast their description. Police alarms, under a new system, are sent to all outlying precincts and to motor police and state troopers every half hour.

Kinkead, a Baltimore motorcycle cop, through a peculiar mixup with a chari-vari party, has ridden with the fugitives at eighty miles an hour north from Baltimore through Belair and down into a deep hole in the hills, where he has been left to look after a wrecked car. When this chapter opens he has just heard over his pocket radio set the 12:30 alarm and has realized that he has let go the biggest catch of his career and has actually helped the criminals to escape.

KIPLING once truly said that if you abuse men long enough in big words flashed under the seabeds by cable, things begin to happen. Just so, if a magic voice from out of the air lambastes one in resounding official language, then one bestirs oneself.

And Motorcycle Officer Kinkead of the Baltimore Traffic Squad was no exception to the run of humankind, at least so far as reactions go. Amid a chorus of "What is it?" and "He's crazy!" the officer ran to the bridge and across it, leaping there on the high stone parapet and gazing up the valley. He swept every bit of hillside and road with his eyes as if with a searchlight, then returned, though less swiftly, to the party of former merrymakers.

On the return he went to the broken fence and looked long and closely at the bogged car, where an angry and sputtering bride was still keeping her husband at the work of putting stones under its rear wheels.

"It's hub down on the left hand side," said Kinkead to the party across the road. "We couldn't get that out in less than two hours without a tow."

"Let's telephone for a tow, then—I'll pay for it and then maybe they'll forgive us," said the leader. "We haven't dared go near them yet."

"Telephone? Sure," said Kinkead. "We're in Howard street, we are—with Blue Bells all over the countryside. Why, man, there isn't a house for two miles—I can see that far up and down—so there's no way to telephone."

He looked contemplatively up at the slim lines of copper shining overhead. "That's the 'phone line," said he. Then explosively, as if hit hard and jarringly by a thought, "Anyone here a telephone lineman or anything like that?"

Shaking heads answered him.

"Well, then it's me to walk back," came decisively. "We've got to get them at the bridges!"

"What! and leave us here," entreated red-head.

"Well, I didn't bring you here—you brought me," was the answer. "Oh, I forgot—you don't know."

So he told them the story that had twice that day come through the air.

A frail, wispy blonde who had from the beginning been regretting her adventurous start on a chari-vari expedition, now grew trembly.

"Just to think I sat next to those murderers—it makes me faint to think of it. I might have known when I heard them talking dago."

"What was it? Italian?" anxiously inquired Kinkead.

"How would she know—bananas is the only Italian word she knows," broke in red-head.

"Mebbe it was French or Spanish," said the blonde. "Oh, I can't talk about it without shivering." And she turned away.

Kinkead followed her and pressed her for information. Learning that the three men in the back had been very dark complexioned, he obtained descriptions of them from the others, verified that it was an English car with a New York license—although no one had taken note of the number—found that the driver, who was also the owner, had taken on the chari-vari party in Baltimore because, as he told the leader, he didn't know the roads, having come over them only in the night the evening before. With them as guides and as an excuse for speed, he had planned to make Philadelphia in three hours. That was all he had said. He, too, was dark, but not so dark as his three companions.

"Anyway, I've done some real police work now," said Kinkead to himself as he set off trudging at the patrolman's pace—a gait that could be kept up indefinitely—toward Baltimore. "I'll get the first 'phone or the first car that comes along either way," said he. "If any car comes along going my way tell him to step on it and pick me up—you folks let that first car go by—I'll send you help. I'll get a tow car for you."

As he rounded the first turn he looked back and down. An unforgiving bride was standing belligerently, with arms akimbo, behind a pile of freshly dug stones as she watched the approach of the first delegation, a peace-

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making delegation, from the chari-vari crowd. Two men were standing watch by the bridge to waylay a car in his interest, he felt.

"I've got to get them before they get to the bridges," was the spur he dug into himself here—and his gait smartened under the impulse. Not much time—unless a car comes, I can't make it."

Regard the map of those regions in front of you. To the northeast are Philadelphia and New York, ports where swarthy men might take ship for southern lands and thereby fade from all North American view.

To the southwest are Baltimore and Washington, too close together and too easily searched and combed by police to suit the purposes of such men as were in the red English car that day. Running between them there is at each end—from New York to Philadelphia and from Washington to Baltimore in each case—only one important highway. But between Philadelphia and Baltimore there are three state highways, one shorter than the other two, but running through more large villages, towns and cities. This is the Chester-Havre de Grace route following closely the lines of the two railroads connecting these cities.

The other two routes are partly rural and one was the Belair-Oxford road, the big grade in which Kinkead was now slowly ascending without the aid of those muscles of gasoline and sinews of steel he had been accustomed to rely on.

But that is not all that you mark on the map. Running southeast by northwest and directly across the northeastwardly trending state highways is a lazily sinuous line. The Susquehanna river, having turned the mill-wheels of central Pennsylvania, here flows between abrupt banks that drop down many feet from the plateau of the Maryland country. The Susquehanna is a friend to the fisherman, but a foe to the traveler, for bridging it is expensive and difficult.

Garcia Ran as the Car Approached All A-bristle with Guns

Therefore in all this stretch of country there are only four bridges, two for highways and two for the rails of mighty commerce. Not so much as an interurban either touches or crosses the Susquehanna in these parts.

Two highway bridges, you say. Easy enough to cross on them—just a flash and you're over and gone. Soft—not so fast. Not over these bridges—for the short-route one at Havre de Grace is a viaduct partly over the town. Running across it is like putting oneself on exhibition in a show window.

Now place yourself in the mental attitude of the young man of dark complexion at the wheel of the English car. The long bridge well up on public view would not attract him.

Or consider the subject as Officer Kinkead did on that elevating walk of his up the valley in the hills,

"There's the two bridges. Sure, the river runs right athwart everything, glory be to it. It's the finest kind of a trap. There is no way he can get north 'cept over the two bridges unless he goes a hundred miles round. So if I can only get the bridges watched we've got 'em.

"That'll be something grand for Daniel Kinkead. Maybe he'll get to be a lieutenant or something nice and golden. If only I can get the bridges watched—if only I can get to a 'phone quick. Quick! that's the word." And he spurred himself to renewed efforts at speed, praying the meanwhile that he might hear the hoarse roar of a big car coming up the grade behind him.

"What be they doing on this road north of Belair?" Kinkead's thought ran on. "Havre de Grace way is shorter." Then, with a resounding crack of his gloved fist into gloved palm—

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"I have it—he's heading for the free bridge. Havre de Grace bridge is long and has a toll gate and they'd just naturally remember that kind of car, so's he could be traced. He's dodging the toll-gates, he is, and making for the free bridge, which is partly a covered bridge and with not a soul to guard it."

AT this point Officer Kinkead bethought himself of the one o'clock flash and sat down by the roadside to listen in. And this is what he heard:

"To all stations and officers—please relay to all points possible. This is Station NPB, Lieutenant Johnson speaking. Code signal, Baldface No. Apricot. Have confirmed by secret service men that four men left a South American hotel this morning in red English car.

"One of them is Ignazio Silva, of Colombia and New York, driving the car. Medium dark complexion, curly black hair, high forehead, sharp nose, black eyes set far back, high cheek bones, sunken cheeks, slight black moustache, wide mouth, no marks, dresses mostly in black, thought to have worn green tie today. Speaks English pretty well.

"Other men unknown. One of them said to be very heavy build for a Latin, size of a big American cowboy, but not fat. Had fancy striped trousers and cutaway coat. Seems to affect stylish dress. Car has New York license with high number, listen in on New York for exact number. Tires confirmed as Silvertowns. Get these men dead or alive, is order of the Chief. Use every means in your power to capture them and report as before.

"Station NPB signing off. Lieutenant Johnson."

Officer Kinkead sat in dazed thought. "Every means in his power"—and there seemed no means except his two legs. Abstractedly he listened for New York, paying no attention meanwhile to nearby Havre de Grace complaining about a gray and green racing car stolen that morning and lately seen going toward Belair. "Watch for it on detours," said Havre de Grace, "as young men in it will undoubtedly avoid the main towns." Just then he heard:

"Station NYP, Police Headquarters, New York, Lieutenant Amson speaking. Code word Baldface, No. Apple.

"To all stations and officers—relay to all points possible far west as Chicago and south to Atlanta.

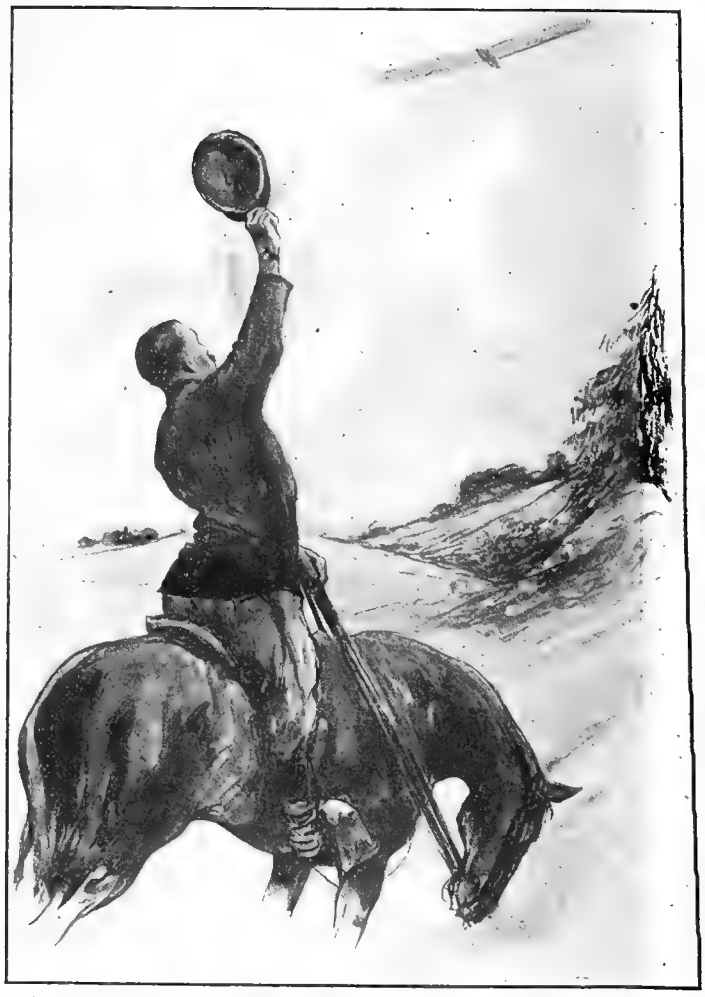
"License of car wanted in Washington bomb outrage supposed to be 1,184—dash—230, registered by Ignazio Silva, 11 West Twelfth Street, description as sent out from Washington, with addition has scar on back of left hand and usually wears derby and heavy gold watch chain. No charge against him here. English car, painted red, double tire carrier behind."

It was a few minutes later that Officer Kinkead heard the swift rush of a speed car up the grade behind him. He was just in time to stop the machine, for the driver, at sight of him, had increased even the high speed at which he was moving.

Kinkead scarcely noticed the car as he hurriedly jumped aboard with a word that he wanted to get to a telegraph or telephone as quickly as possible. That the car was gray and green never impressed itself on the officer's mind, filled as it was with the need of getting to a wire, and he rode up the grade and out on to the main road to the first railroad crossing without ever suspecting that he was for the second time that day giving aid and comfort to criminals.

At a little railroad station he leaped off and ran for the telegraph office. The gray and green car slipped away quickly. Kinkead's first move was to wire the state police at Castleton. That done he turned to the telephone and reported to his chief in Baltimore. And here we leave Officer Kinkead, the well-spring from which a mighty river of events flowed that day.

COMMOTION in the office of the Maryland State troopers at Castleton was the quick result of the railroad agent's delivery of the telegram. The Captain himself



Captain Sisson Waved the Plane Toward the West

and three men galloped toward the free bridge half a dozen miles away, while the depot man wired to Havre de Grace to have the toll bridge guarded. Five minutes after Kinkead had sent his message armed men held the Havre de Grace toll bridge, while Captain Sisson and his men were a mile on their way to the free bridge.

In Baltimore the Chief Inspector himself took charge of the work of notifying Washington, Philadelphia, York, Harrisburg, Havre de Grace, Chester, Wilmington, Oxford and Gettysburg that the Pan-American bombers were on their way north, probably by the free bridge and Oxford, presumably with the intention of going around Philadelphia.

Washington immediately replied. "Have you an airplane or can you locate one in northern Maryland or Pennsylvania—a man who knows the country is wanted.

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We are sending two army airplanes from Fort Myer, with orders to follow the Belair-Oxford road if they can and pick up the dynamiters. Their orders are to use their own discretion, but to stop at no means necessary to get the bombers. They do not know country. Send man who does if you can."

The chief had no airplanes—only New York and Chicago were then supplied with aerial equipment, and he found by quick inquiry at the flying fields that no fast planes were available. He called Philadelphia, was referred to League Island Navy Yard, and there was told they could send out Lieutenant Hastings. Did he know the country? One minute.

"Yes," came the answer. "He was brought up in York and knows every road from there to Baltimore.

The Big Car Wins the Race for the Bridge

He starts in five minutes. Send him further directions by radio as he goes as observer, another officer piloting."

This news was relayed to Washington, which expressively said, "Great work, Chief—the President personally congratulates you. He's watching this hunt with a view to further appropriations for national police broadcasting service. Secretary Hoover also on job."

Meanwhile Captain Sisson and his men had reached, at a jog trot because of the tired condition of their horses, the top of the last rise before they would come down to the level of the free bridge. From here they had a bird's-eye view down the valley of the Susquehanna and along the river-bank road on which they were riding. And there came a sight.

"Like a buzzard sailin', ain't it, Captain?" said a sergeant as he pointed ahead down the road to a big car that came up over a swell in the road and dipped down into a valley with the fine motion of a great bird. Sunlight glinted on nickel and the Captain's breath caught.

"Triangular radiator," he cried, "we've got 'em, boys, put them to it."

Voice and spur sent the horses into what in a moment later was to prove a race for the bridge entrance. The Captain and his men were half a mile away, the big car something over a mile. It was coming up grade, they were going down. It was coming directly at them, but they knew the steel brain able to drive at that 60-mile clip would be equal to making the bridge turn, and would make it if they weren't there to stop the car.

Captain Sisson forged ahead with his blooded animal, but the sergeant was able to keep at his heels. Soon they saw they could not hope to outdistance the flying car.

"Pistols!" was the shout that floated back from Sisson to his men, and the automatics came out.

They were not far from the bridge now. "Jeffson and Majors stop and aim carefully. Everyone else fire riding!"

And the hoarse reports of the automatics began to put exclamation points to the thud of hoof and the hum of motor.

The firing began as the big motor slowed a little for the sharp turn at the bridge, grew to crescendo as it swept around broadside to the marksmen, and then sputtered fitfully as the riders punctured the board sides of the covered bridge with bullets. They reached its entrance to see a swish of red and yellow as the car vanished around the turn on the other side. It had not been harmed apparently.

Captain Sisson and his men galloped over and after it, but the effort was useless. Horseflesh was no match for steel and gasoline! Especially when the machinery is

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pressed to the limit. Four horses were galloped to their utmost in that chase, but they got nothing more than a whiff of gasoline in the town of Conowingo.

CAPTAIN SISSON rode to a house in Conowingo and telephoned a report after he found he could not commandeer from that neighborhood anything more speedy than a flivver farm truck. "That's a fast car—it'll do thirty miles," its owner proudly told him.

"Bah!" said the Captain, "it might as well be a caterpillar—or a tractor." He reported to district headquarters near Belair that the quarry had escaped him. As the squad rode back toward the free bridge fifteen minutes later the men heard the never-to-be-mistaken hum of an airplane and looked up to see in the far upper distance toward Oxford, Pa., a speed monoplane.

"What would that fellow be doing out here in this woody country?" was the sergeant's very natural question.

"Don't know—the mail planes don't come this far south—it isn't a mail plane anyway by the cut of its jib," said Captain Sisson. "Why, bless me, I believe it's a navy plane. Looks like the kind we had at Quantico when I was in the Marines."

"This ain't no place for no navy," asseverated the sergeant solemnly; "the government wouldn't——"

"That's it—the government!" ejaculated the Captain. "This is a Federal case and they've called in the navy."

And with only a "Return to the station" to his men, he turned his horse and gave it the rein in a northward run. He and the plane were headed for each other, the plane evidently following the road from Oxford.

The Captain knew by the fact that the plane came on southwestward that the red English car had not been sighted on the Oxford road. Therefore it must have turned off westward toward Gettysburg. He reached the first westward turnout in time to find fresh tire tracks and to identify the unmistakable trail of four Silvertowns rounding the curve toward the west.

He promptly stood up in his saddle and waved to the plane, sweeping his cap wildly toward that west into which the quarry had departed. Sweep, sweep, sweep went the cap, without effect it seemed for the moment—and then came a break in the noise of the exhaust and a sudden downward looping of the plane. In half a minute it made a circle of a field and came down close to the tree line on the sunny side of the Captain, so that its observer could get a fair view of him. As he waved his cap westward along the road toward Gettysburg, the observer caught the lines of his uniform and was satisfied.

"Full speed ahead, west," was evidently what he said, for the little plane speeded up. The observer waved an arm in gratitude. The Captain saw the mark of the navy on the plane's tail and was content. He gave his horse rein. And he, too, rides out of the picture.

A SCORE of miles west of the Oxford road turnout a very large dark man seated in the rear of a red touring car said to the driver in Spanish:

"We are hungry; we must eat."

The driver became excited. He was speeding the car at fifty miles an hour on an indifferent road and,

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though this fact cramped his usual expressiveness of gesture, he managed to convey much when he said, "We eat not today—no, not at all. Tonight after dark—maybe." Such was the English substance of his Spanish response.

"And where, then?" asked the dark man behind.

"Perhaps in the Americanos' jail; who can tell?" was the disquieting answer, and the man in the rear surrendered his little attempt at leadership.

IT was the driver of the car who first saw them.

"Carramba—aeroplanos!" he shot back at his comrades, and with a swerve of the wheel that threw them to the side and against each other he shot the car into the shade of a line of trees at the roadside. Here they were invisible from the air.

The impact of his friends' bodies brought a cry from a small gamecock of a man seated in a corner of the car on the side that had been exposed to Captain Sisson's fire.

Far along under the tree-row the driver brought the car to a well-hidden halt. He and two others leaped to the road. He pointed far away to the west, where two Martin bombers were circling as if trying to orient themselves in this strange country.

"We escape the horse, but we cannot beat the airplane in speed," was his concise statement of fact.

The two men who had leaped out with him, one of them a veritable giant among his small Latin companions, stood agape and wondering. They had thought themselves entirely unsuspected and free of pursuit until the sudden appearance of Captain Sisson's cavalry, as they supposed it to be. And, having gotten away from those swift shooters, they had believed the way clear for a roundabout trip by side roads to New York. The appearance of the airplanes made that hope fade fast.

The driver was arranging a portable radio set on the running board when the big man saw him. Instant exclamation stopped the activity.

"We must go on—turn out somewhere off the road. Stopping here in the road is impossible for long. We shall be seen and noticed. Such cars are not ordinary in this flivver country." His speech was Spanish, but any American could have caught the implication in his use of the word "flivver."

Silva was about to comply with the request when a sound came to him that he at first mistook for the buzzing of a bee. A quick look about him showed the immensity of his mistake. The sound was growing in volume. With meticulous care, he moved to the edge of the line of trees and looked upward.

"Diablo, another airplane," he cried, as he scuttled for the deepest shelter of the trees, fearful lest even there the ominiscient eye above should spy him. Two of his companions cowered beside him in pure fright.

When the great machine—which was that of Lieutenant Hastings from the League Island Navy Yard—had passed, the men recovered somewhat of their bravado.

"That settles it," said Silva. "We must disguise." Suiting the action to the word, he drove the car on—always on the trees—until he was able to turn.

So they moved on—always under the trees—until they were able to turn into a wood-lot and run the car far back in it, out of sight from the road. The driver

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got out and carefully obliterated all tire marks at the turnout and for a hundred yards back. So much done, he returned to his tuning dials. "Now I am late for the one-thirty radio," he growled.

And indeed his words were proved by the fact that he found himself taking in the middle of a warning that he could not place, but which had been sent out from Baltimore. As he heard it, it went:

"—and two army planes from Washington. All officers in northern Maryland and southern Pennsylvania will keep special watch, as the red car is now actually in their territory. Repeat warnings to gas stations to hold car without gas and notify all hotels and garages.

"Car is dark red, with four men—slim, sharp-moustached General Diego, the big six-foot dark South American, and the rather dandified Silva driving. He wears a derby usually and had it on at Belair. Other man undescribed. By special direction of the President, officers are called on to hold this car at all costs. It has already escaped twice today."

Silva rose trembling, lifted the derby, looked at it as if puzzled, and wiped his damp brow. He readjusted a heavy metal object in his right hand coat pocket, so that a pencil-like end thrust the pocket out suggestively.

"Diablo," said he; "we must paint." And he leaped to a running board chest, whence he lifted four pint cans of black stove enamel. Long ago he had bought them with a certain purpose in mind. With them came four ten-cent-store brushes. He handed a can and a brush to each of his companions as he hurriedly explained their predicament. He started at once to turn the big English car's shining red and nickel into a blackamoor's color. The Silver Prince was turning to a disreputable darkey under his hand when he noticed that the third member of the tonneau party was not at work. The big man and the fourth man—Garcia—were out and plying brushes—but General Diego?

Silva went back to speak to the General. The paint and the brush were in his hands—but such hands! They looked lifeless. Silva's Spanish exclamation drew his fellows and he and Garcia climbed into the tonneau. They spoke to General Diego and received in reply only a weak upward glance of the eyes.

"Carramba!" shouted one. "He is wounded." They lifted him and handed him out to the giant, who carried the thin comrade to a resting place against a tree. Silva gave him liquor and examined him. He found a bullet wound close to the heart.

"A game cock that one," said he. "He was hit by those horsemen of the devil, but he said not one word. Therefore we escape. Had we known, we should have hesitated—and that would have been finis!"

Gen. Diego, revived slightly by the liquor, whispered to him—"I die, amigo, in the cause of my country's independence. I would have her free of all entanglements with these other nations. You will send word to my children that their father died gloriously—you need say nothing of how he has lived here these last years. You will go on, all. Hasten you the painting, then leave me here to die in peace. Nothing more can be done."

"No, no," came the chorus, "we will go with you—to a doctor's—even though they hang us and burn us for the killings of this day."

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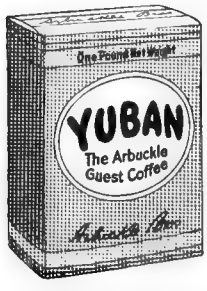

YUBAN

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Uninformed of the futility of their bombing they esteemed themselves prospective martyrs who had gloriously slain many of their foes.

For years they had heard much of the terrible North American institution known as lynch law, in which the hunted slayer goes to an ignoble death at the end of dirty rope, or sometimes dies without glory on a fitting pyre of rubbish.

No clean and fine death on a sharp blade for the victims of these Yankee mobs. The three South Americans expected only such a fate should they be caught. They esteemed it the custom of the country.

Gen. Diego shook his head at their protestations. "Paint!" was the word they saw his lips form, but they could hear only an echo of a whisper.

It was good advice. They must paint, whatever they did. With feverish energy they finished the job and when the black had covered all the rosy brilliance they found in the funeral effect a prophecy.

Gen. Diego was dead there beside them. With bared heads they knelt for a little prayer and then were ready to depart.

SILVA here spoke. "Gasoline—petrol—we must have and at once. They know of me and of big Josef here, but you, my dear Garcia, have not been described by the radio. You must buy."

"Yes, but how—of English I know only 'Yes-s-s' and 'No'?"

"I teach you—you need only one word. The man he come out and say 'How many?' like that. You say 'Twenty,' that is all. And hand him this five dollar bill—he give you the money back. 'Twenty' that is the word. Now practice that. At the first station we stop—but not until I cut telephone wire."

Out of the westward road again they caught sight of the Martin bombers and of another smaller plane, far to the north searching the roads toward York for the red car.

"Ha, we fool those fellows, we black as tar now," said Silva to Garcia, who had taken seat beside him as if in a pursuit he felt more comfortable farther forward. For many miles their course was uneventful if uncomfortable. It was a "county road," and by that token a holder of broken-spring records.

MILES back of them at this time a farmer's boy ran across a fresh-plowed field to a man who was struggling to make a tractor pull evenly over rocks and roots of old trees.

"Pa," rang out his shout, "there's tracks of an automobile up our wood-road. Some big car has been up there!"

The farmer was all fed up with his tractor struggle. Here was a legitimate excuse to drop it. He started hot-foot with the lad up the hill toward the wood-lot road. Arriving at the turnout the boy eagerly pointed to tracks in the soft earth. Sharp projections had dug into the clay and left clear record of the passage of a heavy, broad-tired car.

It was nothing new to these two to follow a trail together. With just a question to the boy, the father started along the road.

"What kind o' tires are those, son? Don't seem to

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me none of the flivvers round here have anything like that."

"Nope, they haven't—but I've seen 'em in the ads. They're Silvertowns."

"Something pretty swell I guess a-visiting us! We'll see!"

"Pop, wait! Don't go in there—I didn't say nothing about it before but maybe—I dunno' as it could be, but it just comes to my mind that an hour ago on the radio I heard somebody big in Washington saying that all the state police were to look for a big red car—an English car. The fellers in it had killed a lot of people in Washington and were running away. Oh, Pop, it said they had Silvertown tires! What if—?"

"Back to the house, son. Get the guns, while I watch the road. How many times I've told you not to listen in while there's daylight to work with. This here radio's the ruin of farming—that's what it is."

With the guns brought, a cautious procession moved along the trail only to be confounded a few seconds later by the discovery of the second lines of tracks after they had passed the points of Silva's obliteration of the marks.

"Must have just leaped over the earth," was the terse comment of the man as he noted that the second trail vanished in a patch of soft ground.

"Well, anyway, we'll sure see what they were up to" —and the farmer stepped forward with brisker step.

The boy here walked ahead a little, only to come running back with hand raised in air. "Don't speak," it meant.

At his father's side he whispered—"There's one of them in there, now."

With guns at the point the two went forward.

TWENTY miles farther along the road toward Gettysburg there flashed into the view of the men in the newly-black car a farmer's sign, "Milk and Gasoline." The excitable Silva stopped the car under a tree and well beyond the farmer's gate and sent the tremulous Garcia back for gas. The farmer was hard to find, was slow in appearing from the barn and slow in bringing out gasoline in a five gallon can. He was standing at the rear of the car ready to pour the fiery liquid of the first can into the tank when there came a sound as of a whirlwind far down the road to the rear.

Silva, who had been nervously peering ahead for airplanes, was the first to face about. The farmer, in his astonishment, turned about gaping. Garcia, standing by the gate and well to the rear as a guard against surprise, was the last to be attracted by the wild rumpus.

Yet he was most affected. His dark complexion turned waxen and he faced about forthwith to run for the car.

For pounding down the road from the east was what was obviously a car of wrath. The flivver was lurching from side to side as it spurted over rut and hollow and on either side men clung swayingly. This in itself was unusual but more unusual still was the fact that from each man's hand there thrust forward the long black muzzle of a gun. From inside a man sitting beside the driver waved another breech-loader and

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from time to time essayed to aim it at the black car—but what with the jouncing essayed it futilely.

Here was judgment thundering down upon their heads.

IT has been said that Garcia ran toward the car. Even so! But his ten-yard spurt ended alongside a blank-faced farmer who stood in the road pouring gasoline from a five gallon tank into—nothing.

Silva, at sight of the wild car behind him, had slipped in his gears and shot ahead to safety without more than a thought for the marooned Garcia. So swiftly and silently had the driver acted that the farmer had had no time wherein even to grasp the spare tires and thus keep up with the smooth-rolling car.

With many Spanish shouts the bereft Garcia leaped forward in a mad hope that he might overtake one of the most powerful cars in the world. The farmer, bewildered by the rapid kaleidscope of events, stood dummy-like in the road until a wild honking just behind him made him leap to one side. As he did so wild-eyed venegeance swept by him on two or three wheels—he could not be certain which. When he could look after it he found himself asprawl on the ground with the strong odor of spilled gasoline enveloping him.

The embattled flivver with its bristle of men and guns was well beyond him now. He could see that it was slowing down—slowing—slowing. A figure leaped off—took a stance—aimed—fired. Far beyond the smoke he saw something huddle down to the road.

"Keep back there, Ma!" came the farmer's cry as his buxom wife came bustling through the gate, "you don't want to see none of this."

Hurrying to her he put his gaunt frame between her and the sight up the road. Gently shooing her along he was able after a few minutes to get her back to the house.

When he could get back to his gate the flivver, now with a burden of five instead of four, was returning. The boy who had found Gen. Diego sitting propped against a tree, as erect as in life, was driving the car and his father was on the seat with him. The two armed friends they had picked up along the road were on the running boards as before. But now they no longer were hunters. Theirs was the behavior of the returned sportsman whose bag is full. As indeed theirs was. Across the black rear of the runabout sprawled a something that had been—well, different.

"The President said to get them dead or alive!" sounded the eager, seemingly irrelevant, shout of the lad at the wheel. "We couldn't catch the car, but we got one fellow."

It was several minutes before the astonished seller of gasoline could disentangle from the babble of stories the fact that the discoverers of the dead Diego had promptly taken the trail in the farm flivver on vengeance bent. They believed the other men in the car had slain Diego, nor were they to be undeceived until long hours later.

As soon as collected thought came to the crowd the gasoline seller rushed to the telephone to send warning ahead to stop the black car and to tell of its change of color.

He whirled and whirled the handle, lifted and lifted the receiver, but won no response.

"They've cut the line," he ejaculated!

(To be continued)

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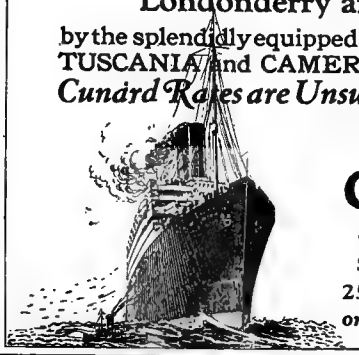

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Vienna's Police are Highly Popular

(*Continued from page* 32)

"Startschutzwache," or City Protection Board. This force does what is virtually watchmen's duty, especially guarding the business sections of the city against burglars. This organization is divided and officered in a manner similar to that which governs the regular police, but is uniformed in dark blue, whereas the regular police wear khaki.

TRAFFIC is adroitly and expeditiously handled in Vienna, where, however, there is no such problem as exists in New York City. Officers especially assigned to traffic posts at present wear one white sleeve, which enables them to attract instantaneous attention either by day or night. This device has not been permanently accepted, but is being tried out. So far it seems to have worked well.

The Police of Vienna are a part of the national body and are under central governmental control. Outside Vienna the French word, "gendarmerie," has been adopted for the police. The gendarmerie are ranked and graded as are the policemen of Vienna, but are armed with rifles. This is common in the European countries. We were unable to discover any particular resultant advantage. It seems to be far more a custom than a necessity. The gendarmerie have most infrequent need to use their threatening looking military rifles.

Virtually a separate organization is the "Bahngendarmerie," or railroad police. The duty of these men is to guard railway stations and other railroad properties, docks, shipyards, etc. An absolutely new development in police organization is the "Flugpolizei," whose particular affair it is to examine arriving and departing aircraft and the passengers and goods they carry.

The development of flying in Austria and elsewhere in Europe has been much more rapid than it has been in the United States and the incredibly rapid transport of human beings by aerial routes already has developed a considerable and unique problem. This Austrian force seems to be an intelligent step in the direction of the enforcement of new and necessary laws. Passport examination remains a very important part of police duty in Austria and in this the Flugpolizei are especially expert.

AT every point of exit or ingress to the country on the national boundaries somewhat similar police are stationed. Here one finds real passport experts, accomplished specialists in the smuggler's arts and devious ways, students of spies. No passenger incoming or outgoing by train, boat, motorcar or on foot escapes attention from these capable officers and their function is supposed to be of immense importance to the nation.

Throughout Austria the Police keep the most carefully minute track of the domiciliary movements of every individual. They must at intervals report on every individual in Austria, and therefore each individual is required to report at specified intervals at police stations. Each individual, citizen or otherwise, must keep himself provided with a police ticket and it is believed that this system has a directly restrictive influence upon crime. Every change of address must be notified to the station of the district from which removal is to be made and to the station of the district into which residence is to be transferred.

Each individual's identification card is recorded at the local station and is filed in duplicate at the Central Registration Bureau where, in consequence, information can be obtained of any individual in Austria. Every single individual of the two-and-a-half million people in Vienna is thus registered and anyone who neglects this cautious formality is deemed guilty of an offense which invariably is punished by imprisonment, never by a fine.

IN many details, but not at all in numbers, that separate organization known in Austria as the "Criminal Police," resembles a detective force in the United States. Numerically the Austrian Criminal Police are somewhat overwhelming. Ther number equals that of the uniformed police; there are six thousand of them.

Doctor Scholtz, an official particularly well qualified to command such a force, is at the head of this admirably competent body. This Criminal Police Force forms a very able detective and criminal investigation body, and, in addition, has a certain supervision over streets, railway stations and drinking places.

It also has charge of the department known in the New York organization as the Bureau of Criminal Identification, which photographs suspects and convicts, registers their fingerprints and devotes particular attention to international criminals.

It has been proposed by Mr. Gustav Aurel Mindszeuty, that to the photographic records of criminals in Austria should be added motion pictures. These, it is believed, would be particularly valuable, as revealing all peculiarities of movements, changing expressions and so on. A human face in repose and a human body in repose often are very different from the same face and body in action.

He also has suggested that films be utilized for illustrating the clever and characteristic tricks of pickpockets and other thieves. It is his suggestion that such motion-photographs should be placed at the disposition of the police of other countries with, if possible, an exchange of similar views.

The problem of the social evil is one of the most difficult matters with which the Social Police of Austria and especially of Vienna must deal. Under the jurisdiction of this branch of the service hotels and similar places are placed for examination and control, and, when raids are necessary, these officers carry them out. The Social Bureau is a semi-judicial body to which this branch of the Police report.

At the head of the whole organization is Police President Hans Schober, whose lifetime of training has made him a great expert and authority. He served as Chairman of the recent International Police Commission appointed at the International Congress held in Vienna in September of last year. His efforts have the cooperation and assistance of Police Vice-President Pamer, who for twelve years served as Central Inspector of Police and therefore is fully qualified. It has been under his direct management that the police of Vienna have risen to their present splendid place among the great forces of the European Continent.

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Montreal

The City of Two Languages

Canada's Commercial Metropolis, Montreal, Leads in Applying Modern Improvements to Work of Her Police Force

Fingerprints by Cable

THE first international fingerprint identification made by cable was effected by the Montreal police last August, when they employed the system for telegraphing fingerprint descriptions invented by Hakon Jorgensen of Copenhagen and adopted last year by the International Police Conference.

The identification enabled Montreal to hold and later convict as a confirmed criminal an international crook who otherwise would have gone free.

This is a practical illustration of how the international co-operation established by the Conference has tightened the foils about the peripatetic crook.

Canada already has in operation at Ottawa a national identification bureau on the lines of the one advocated for the United States by President Enright on behalf of the International Police Conference.

VIVID contrasts mark the colorful development of one of the oldest police departments in the New World—that of Canada's metropolis, Montreal. Today it stands conspicuous among the great cities where the entire force must be proficient in two languages.

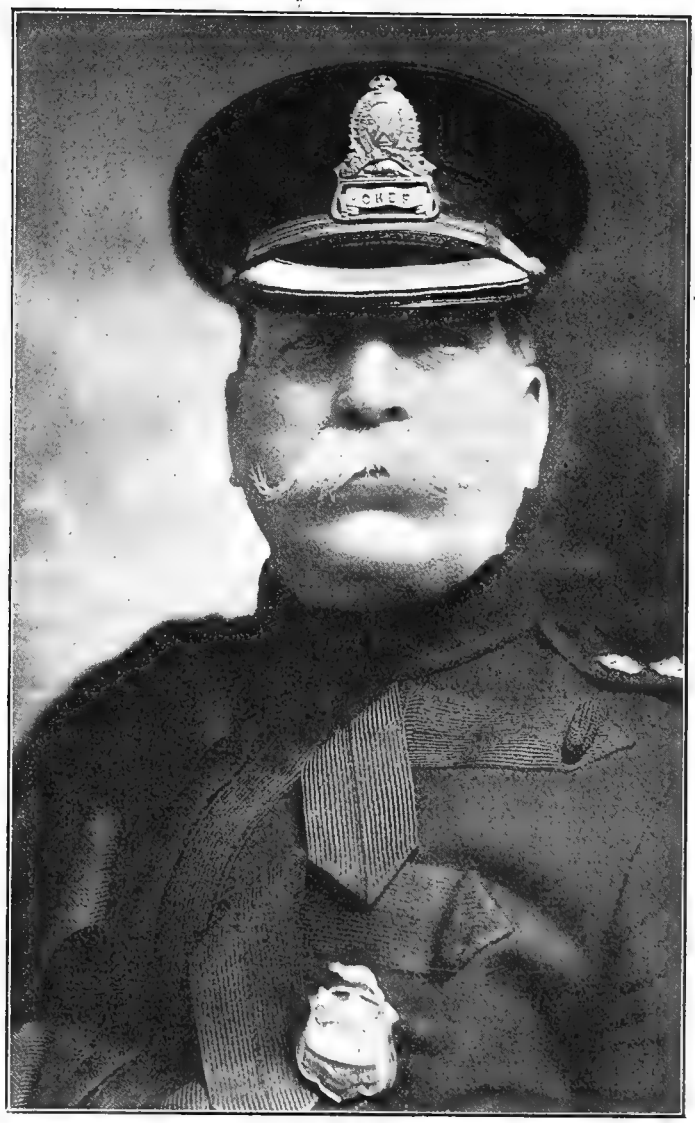
With its beginnings hidden in the mists of an almost forgotten period of Colonial history the police department of this great seaport has steadily progressed until today it is counted among the most up-to-date of peace organizations in the three Americas.

In the newer developments of police work, the motorization of forces, and the scientific identification of criminals Montreal has led all of Canada and kept pace with the most progressive cities of the world. Under the administration of Pierre Belanger it has, in one instance, outstripped all other departments on this continent in the use of up-to-date methods. Reference is had to its successful employment by cable of the Distant Identification System for fingerprints.

Delving back into ancient lore we find that police organization in Montreal began in the year 1663 when, at the request of Governor de Maisonneuve, one hundred and forty citizens of Ville-Marie, as Montreal was then called, volunteered to form a militia corps of twenty companies.

Four years later this organization was transformed into a regular police corps which was placed under the direction of five leading citizens, who at the same time acted as judges of the peace. At that time it was customary to choose two or more citizens in each ward to act as constables.

This old form of organization lasted for a century and a half and weathered the change from French to English rule. In 1815 the Legislature, acting on the earnest entreaties of Provincial citizens of Montreal, authorized a new municipal corps composed of twenty-five men.



Pierre Belanger, Montreal's Chief

These constables carried a long stick painted in blue, lanterns at their belts and bells wherewith to call assistance. At night they cried out the hours and announced that all was quiet by shouting: "All's well." They also lighted the lamps, which were then being installed in the main streets, looked into hygienic conditions and attended to the removal of snow. No small job this last, in Montreal.

About one hundred years ago the city fell under military control because of riotous conditions, then a superintendent of police was appointed, and next, about 1840, a "Fire Society" was organized to control the forces of public safety. It ruled 122 men and the annual cost was $30,000.

The "Fire Society" transmitted to the City Council

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all its powers and privileges in 1851 and the force was increased in consequence of riots which had followed a fire in the Parliament buildings in 1849.

The salary of the constables was then only fifty cents a day. In 1861, Guillaume Lamothe became Chief and succeeded in having the pay raised to ninety cents. It was, however, soon reduced to seventy-five cents, notwithstanding the strong protest of the new Chief. It was only after a four-year fight that he was successful in having his constables granted a remuneration of one dollar a day. Needless to say no fair comparison can be made between the salaries of that day and this.

BY 1901 the force had grown to 400 men and a Detective Bureau had been added. There were fifteen police stations and David Legault was the chief. He was succeeded by Olivier Campeau who held the post until 1919, when the present chief, Pierre Belanger, took charge.

The rapid growth of Montreal had been accompanied by an equally rapid development of the police department which is clearly shown in the fact that in 1901 there were 400 officers using a total appropriation of $279,000 and housed in 15 stations while today there are 1,075 men employing an appropriation of $1,800,000 and housed in 33 stations. The police expenditure has been multiplied by six within twenty-three years.

Montreal has kept pace with other departments in motorization, has 45 motorcycle men, 9 mounted men, and 15 automobiles used in patrol duty. There were 15,000 arrests made last year. Merchandise to the value of $216,000 was recovered and automobiles to the value of $1,500,000 were stolen and recovered.

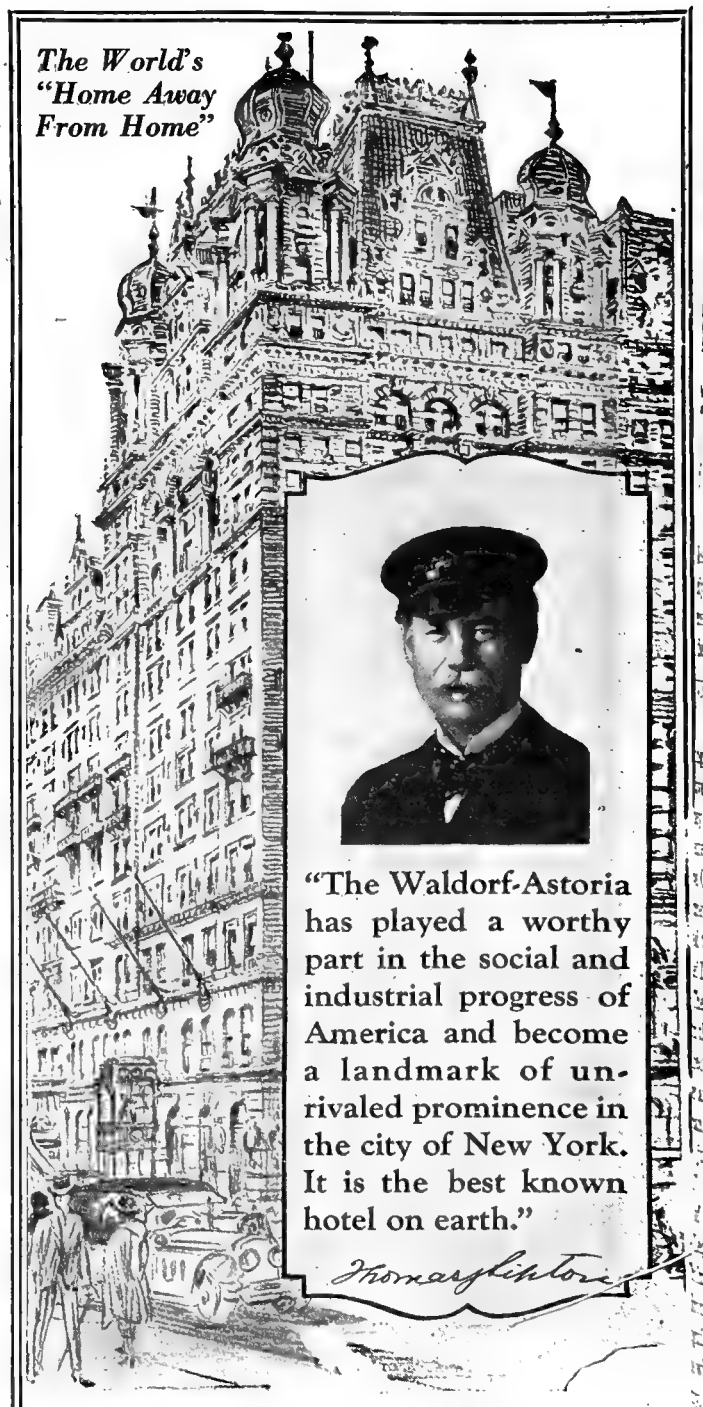
Chief Hercule Paradis was at the head of the Montreal Police Force when the first photograph produced for identification purposes was placed in the records as a nucleus for the present improved methods of criminal investigation. That was in 1887, but five years passed before the Department, under Chief Lieutenant-Colonel Hughes, had an official photographer.

From that time the identification department of the Detective Bureau has grown steadily in effectiveness. Credit for the adoption and organization of the finger print system at Montreal belongs of Chief Campeau, head of the Police, and Silas H. Carpenter, Detective Chief, who saw its advantages and were prompt in adding the system to a rapidly growing Department.

Meantime Montreal was growing into a great seaport, harboring vessels of all nations and men of all lands. It was this that moved Chief Belanger to adopt last year the latest improvement in police systems. After seeing the benefits of distant finger-print identification, as introduced in America by Hakon Jorgensen, Assistant Commissioner of Police and Lecturer at the University of Copenhagen, Chief Belanger adopted it.

Chief Belanger had been using the system only about a month when its first success was scored. The first International finger-print identification made by cabled descriptions was then credited to Montreal. The Detective Division which won this record was then under L. A. Lepage, who has since been succeeded by Inspector E. D. Egan.

Montreal keeps its own complete finger-print record and Ottawa keeps a full Canadian record available to all the cities of the Dominion.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A. D. S. Bernard Flood Department Medal of Honor

Patrolman John L. Piazza Department Medal of Honor

A. D. S. John H. F. Cordes Department Medal of Honor

Patrolman Edward F. Hogan Brooklyn Citizens' Medal.

Patrolman James P. McDonnell William McLain Freeman Medal

Patrolman Chas. V. McCullough Martin J. Sheridan Medal for Valor

Heroes in Blue Are Honored

Policemen of the New York Department who were recently awarded medals of honor and other decorations for exceptional services outside the line of actual duty were the following:

HONORABLE MENTION AND DEPARTMENT MEDAL OF HONOR

Acting Detective Sergeant BERNARD A. FLOOD, Detective Division, detailed to the office of the District Attorney of New York County. Flood attained the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the Military Police Officers' Reserve Corps and of Captain in the Provost Marshal's department, United States Army, in France. He there received the Distinguished Service Medal for his work as Chief Inspector of the Division of Criminal Investigation. The citation from the War Department, in awarding him this honor, reads: "He organized, co-ordinated and directed this important office in a highly efficient manner and the success achieved by this section of the American Expeditionary Forces was largely due to his sound judgment, untiring efforts and exceptional ability." This officer also received the French Army Medal of Honor, the Croix de Guerre, and the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

Patrolman JOHN L. PIAZZA, Alexander Avenue Station, Bronx. This officer also received the United States Distinguished Service Cross for bravery in action in France while serving as a Sergeant in Company C, 312th Infantry. In this instance he fearlessly braved a withering machine gun fire that swept an open terrain in which lay a wounded private of his platoon. He carried the man to safety through eighty yards of that fire and later performed a similar heroic deed and rescued a wounded officer.

Medals of Honor to the next of kin of four police-whose names will be enrolled on the Honor Tablet as men killed in the line of duty during the year and Police Headquarters included:

Patrolman FRANK E. ROMANELLA, East 51st Street Station.

Patrolman CHARLES J. REYNOLDS, Glendale Station.

Both were killed while trying to arrest a man who was beating a woman in a taxicab at Second Avenue and Sixty-fourth Street.

Acting Detective Sergeant JOHN T. DONOHUE, Detective Division. Mortally shot while arresting a probation officer, who was drunk and firing his revolver.

Patrolman JOHN E. EAGAN, Williamsbridge Road Station, Bronx. Attacked, disarmed, beaten and shot to death by a gang of men he had arrested.

DEPARTMENT MEDAL OF HONOR

Acting Detective Sergeant JOHN H. F. CORDES. Followed two suspects into a cigar store. A hand to hand pistol fight followed and Cordes was twice wounded but subdued and arrested both men.

Medals for conspicuous bravery in the performance of duty were also awarded to the following members of the uniformed force:

Patrolman BENJAMIN J. KING, Headquarters Division, Rhinelander Medal for Valor. Killed a man who shot him in the chest and wounded a fellow policeman.

Patrolman EDWARD J. SULLIVAN, Headquarters Division, Isaac Bell Medal for Bravery. Sullivan was shot and wounded by a motorist he stopped.

Acting Detective Sergeant FRANCIS X. NUGENT,

Patrolman John J. Kennedy Daniel B. Freedman Medal

Patrolman Michael J. Roche Walter Scott Medal for Valor

Patrolman Edward J. Sullivan Isaac Bell Medal for Bravery

Patrolman Benjamin J. King Rhinelander Medal for Valor

A. D. S. Francis A. O'Hara Automobile Club of America Medal

A. D. S. Francis X. Nugent Peter F. Meyer Medal

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Detective Division, Peter F. Meyer Medal. Nugent overpowered and arrested a man who shot him.

Acting Detective Sergeant FRANCIS A. O'HARA, Detective Division, Automobile Club of America Medal. O'Hara, attracted by pistol shots, chased to a roof and arrested a man who had slain a woman.

Patrolman MICHAEL J. ROCHE, Traffic B, Walter Scott Medal for Valor. Roche captured an armed man who ran amuck in the Langwell Hotel.

Patrolman CHARLES V. McCULLOUGH, Clinton Street Station, Martin J. Sheridan Medal for Valor. He captured seven robber suspects after a payroll hold-up.

Patrolman JOHN J. KENNEDY, East Sixty-seventh Street Station, Daniel B. Freedman Medal. Kennedy was forced to shoot a man who drew a revolver and tried to kill him.

Patrolman JAMES P. McDONNELL, Special Service Division, William McLain Freeman Medal. Although attacked by a mob, he arrested, single handed, four men in a stolen taxicab.

Patrolman EDWARD F. HOGAN, Headquarters Division, Brooklyn Citizen's Medal. He commandeered an automobile, sped ahead of a runaway horse to warn children and then was seriously injured while trying to stop the animal.

Honorable mention was made of the following members of the force for "meritorious conduct performed in line of duty":

Patrolman NICHOLAS C. FEASTER, East 104th Street Station, who was shot and wounded by one of seven men he arrested. Feaster killed his assailant.

Patrolman BERNARD F. REILLY, Amsterdam Avenue Station, who won a pistol battle with two robbers, wounded one and arrested both.

Acting Detective Sergeants MILTON T. MOFFETT and FREDERICK F. BUCKLEY, Detective Division, who broke into a flat and arrested a drug-crazed Chinaman who tried to kill them.

Acting Detective Sergeants JOHN J. NOTHIES and THOMAS L. KEENAN, Detective Division. While off duty they charged a mob and arrested a man who shot at them. He had a long record.

Acting Detective Sergeant JOHN H. F. CORDES, Detective Division, who while convalescent from a pistol wound captured a payroll robber who shot a messenger.

Acting Detective Sergeants HUGH T. McGOVERN and JOHN J. DWYER, Detective Division, and Patrolman JOSEPH HAMANN, Headquarters Division. The three engaged in a running pistol fight with three men in a stolen automobile and captured two of them.

Patrolman GEORGE WILMER, JR., East 104th Street Station, who when faced by an armed robber knocked the pistol from his hand with his nightstick and arrested him.

Patrolman JAMES C. HAGGERTY of the Flushing Station. Haggerty entered a dwelling which was being robbed, captured one man and shot another as he leaped through a window. He then captured the man he had wounded.

Bible For Every Cop

One of the odd incidents of the midnight turnout in the Bronx a week or so ago was the presentation to every policeman as he went on duty with a pocket edition of the Bible. The books were furnished by the New York Bible Society and distributed by the Young People's Association of Grace Gospel Church, 367 E. 148th Street.

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(Continued from page 8)

alienist and criminologist, it must be labeled a murderous criminal act for which the young men involved should be held responsible.

THE GLAND THEORY

Gradually the theory is gaining ground that certain glands in our body have a determining effect upon the vital organs and also a profound influence over the mind. It has long been known that the pituitary gland—a small body situated in the brain—has a distinct effect upon growth and also that the thyroid gland, situated in front of the throat, reacts upon various brain centres. This is also true of glands around the kidneys and of certain others elsewhere.

Every human body contains its own drug factory by which various remedial agents are released when they are required. This may be observed in the increased secretions of the salivary glands at the sight of food when one is hungry. These and other secretions occur in almost every process of digestion, and have a direct relation to nutrition and health. The drooling of saliva from the mouth of a dog when food is presented is a striking illustration of this reaction from the mental stimulation.

There is in our body a memory that has been termed sub-conscious or what may be described as an activity that has an analogy to mind. It has a power to receive and register impressions and enables the body to stimulate or otherwise change certain functions of various glands. This sub-conscious memory causes the body to accept or reject various foods. We see this particular power of selective choice in the physical expulsion of those medicines that are called emetics and of those that are classed as cathartics. These illustrations are presented only to illustrate the existence in the body of a sub-conscious memory or knowledge that has with no apparent connection with the activity of the brain.

There is an intimate reciprocity between mind and body. Simple illustrations are one's satisfied mental state after a good meal or the irritability that may accompany hunger.

The gland theory may explain some of the changes occurring at the period of adolescence. But this theory cannot successfully be advanced in the case of Leopold or Loeb in substantiation of a plea of insanity.

The character of their crime, their confessions, their intellectuality, and their emotional and moral attitudes show they are not now, nor were they then suffering from myexodemina, critinism, or other physically demonstratable organic gland disease.

Attempts to prove that glandular changes have effected their minds will fail. Such instances, though recognized as existing, can only be demonstrated in those cases that are obvious and not in those that lie on the border line.

Such finely spun theories for purposes of defense, if successful in a court of law, would shake society to its very foundations.

A Crime Unparalleled

CRIMINAL history does not record a parallel for the Chicago tragedy. Wanton murder has been done before, but it has invariably been committed by single persons. The dusty archives of recorded crime do not tell of another case in which two persons—especially

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two persons of super-education—have combined in such a motiveless assassination.

If there be a bright spot about the affair, it must be in the quick and effective work of the Chicago police, under Chief of Detectives Hughes, in tracing the culprits. The week following the discovery of the victim's body in a railroad culvert was filled with hard work, the trailing of many false leads, the following out of a hundred blind trails. Despite all the difficulties of the pursuit and the clever manner in which the smart young murderers had hid their tracks, Hughes's men trailed them down.

Overcoming the many handicaps, the police ran the murderers to earth as a result of following the original clew of a pair of spectacles found near the body. They followed this success with another, obtaining two confessions promptly and by novel methods. Loeb's confession was made after he had been treated with distinguished kindness and consideration by the detectives working on the case. There was no attempt to give either one of the accused youths what is commonly known as the "third degree," and this gentleness is thought to have turned the trick with Loeb.

State's Attorney Crowe, conducting the case with keenness of legal foresight, saw to it that nothing was done that would give attorneys for the defense a chance to plead to the trial court that the confessions were exacted under duress.

"No other suspected persons were ever treated so generously as were these two boys." said State's Attorney Crowe, shortly after the confessions had been announced.

"We conducted our inquiry in hotels, gave them the finest food money could buy and all they wanted of it. We saw that they had the privileges of a bath and a shave whenever they wished the luxury. We denied them nothing. We saw to it that they had every comfort and that they had their proper amount of rest. It was really as if they were our honored guests instead of being our prisoners, suspected of a heinous murder."

THIS kind treatment might have borne still richer fruit, had not the Criminal Court, through an order of Judge Caverly, taken the youths from the custody of the State's Attorney and Sergeant Frank Johnson, who, with Sergeant Crot, arrested Leopold.

Johnson was seeking to implicate Leopold in the mutilation of a chauffeur, Charles Ream, and the murder of Freeman Louis Tracy, university student. Leopold had told a great deal, and, in the opinion of Johnson, was on the point of telling still more. He was very weary, having been under examination all night. Turning to Johnson, he asked, "What else have you got on me?"

"What makes you ask?" countered Johnson

"You seem to be studying me," replied Leopold.

"I think you need studying aplenty," said Johnson. "What do you know about the Ream case and the Tracy murder?"

"I'm sleepy now," replied Leopold. "Maybe tomorrow I'll tell you something."

The Criminal Court took the boys away from the police the next day, and Leopold never got a chance to tell that something more.

After the body of the 13-year-old boy was discovered jammed in the railroad culvert and the horn-rimmed spectacles found nearby, there ensued an example of very shrewd detective work. There was no manufac-

BURNS BROS.
COAL

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turer's mark on the imitation tortoise shell frames, but they had an odd hinge. Knowing that their own technical knowledge was not equal to telling whether there was anything unusual about the glasses, detectives took the spectacles to a weekly optical journal published in Chicago, called The Professional Press.

There the "unity" hinge was noted at once. Whereupon a telegram was dispatched to the Bobrow Company in Brooklyn, the makers of the glasses. They referred the police to the Almer Coe Company of Chicago.

With that information at their command, the detectives took the glasses to the Almer Coe Company. The company's books were searched for years back and by dint of scrutinizing every prescription the spectacles were identified as Frank's.

Following the identification of the spectacles, however, the arrest of Leopold and Loeb and their confessions of the murder, it became necessary for the police to themselves establish the guilt of their prisoners. Confessions cannot be used in court to convict without confirmation by unimpeachable evidence. It is not enough for a man to admit that he is a murderer. The law must prove it to a jury beyond question.

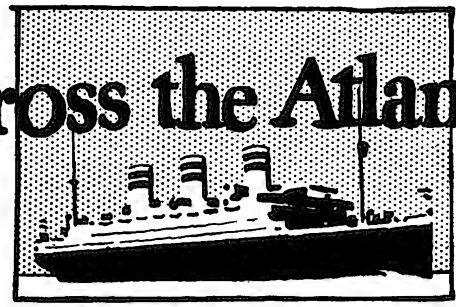
The detectives needed to find the typewriter with which the notes demanding $10,000 from the father of the murdered Franks boy were written. A week's work by a diver retrieved it from a park lake.

The detectives needed to find the chisel, wrapped with tire tape, with which the boy was said to have been struck before he was gagged and smothered to death in the automobile driven away from the Harvard school, where the Franks boy was picked up. They found it and a man who saw it thrown from the car.

They needed to find and identify the blanket robe that Loeb told them the boy's body was wrapped in after he was killed and in which the Franks boy's body lay during the more than five hours that they drove about the city after he had been killed and before they stripped him and thrust his body into the railroad culvert. They found the robe.

AGAIN, one of the boys was the actual murderer and the other guilty only as an accomplice because he did not strike the blow that killed young Franks. The police needed to prove which one did the killing, although in law the two are equally guilty and equally responsible.

Leopold told the police that Loeb struck the blow while



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he (Leopold) drove the car. Loeb flatly contradicted this in his confession. Finally came into the drama Carl Ulving, a chauffeur employed by a neighbor of the Leopold and Loeb families, who swore he had seen Loeb driving the car only a few minutes before the kidnapping of Franks. This would put the actual killing up to Leopold, and it was Leopold whom Charles Ream, the victim of mutilation, charges with being the brutal faced man who, at the point of a pistol, forced him into an automobile where was performed an operation that unmanned him.

The police were called upon by the State's Attorney also to bring to light the letter of instructions that the boys in their confessions had said they had placed in a Pullman car of a Michigan Central railroad train, where the father of the Franks boy was to get it. The car was traced through Canada to New York, and that letter was found in a telegraph-blank rack in the car after the train had arrived at the Mott Haven yards in New York from Chicago, and became another link in the rapidly enlarging chain of evidence that will be employed in the effort to send them both to the gallows:

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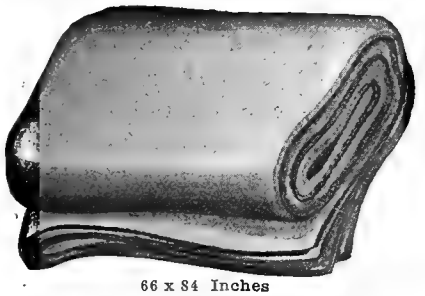

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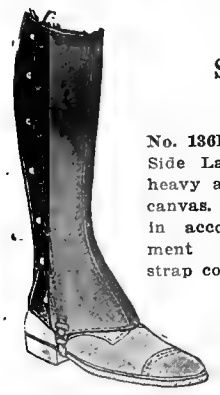

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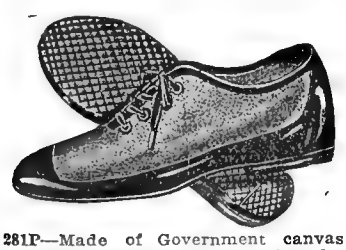

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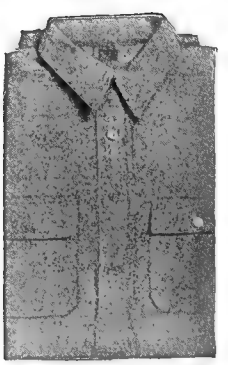

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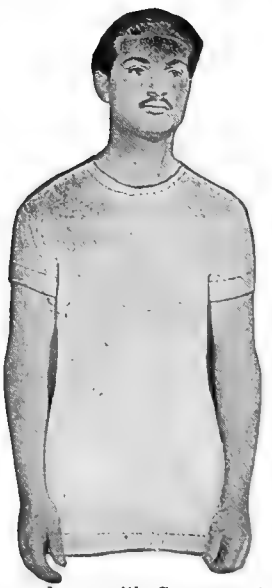

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MONTHLY OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT

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ERROL E. HART, Editor and Manager
GEORGE F. NOLAN, Advertising Manager
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Vol. I NEW YORK, N. Y., July, 1924 No. 3

Commendable

THE lamentable Franks case in Chicago has been responsible not only for a revelation of the heights to which the police can rise, but also for a revelation of the heights to which newspapers can rise on occasion.

We refer to an act of the Chicago Tribune. This great newspaper, which holds a leadership in the morning field in the Middle West that is not equalled by any morning paper in the East, was active from the first in helping the authorities to trace the slayers. When the hunt was in its least promising stage and it seemed possible that the cunning criminals might escape, the Tribune heartened all the pursuers by adding to the reward offers one of $1,000 of its own.

But that was not its most remarkable achievement. On the day of the reward offer the Tribune printed a voluntary pledge that it would not knowingly publish any Franks case facts or clews that the police might be working on or might need to know. The idea was that the Tribune would not give the fugitive slayers, whoever they might be, any "tip" or information that would enable them to escape.

Thus the powerful Chicago Tribune definitely ranged itself on the side of the forces of public justice.

Every policeman can tell of instances in which his best work has been set at naught by premature publication of what the police were about to do or the clews they had obtained. A notorious occurrence of this kind in New York followed a famous jewel robbery. The Inspector in charge of the Detective Division sent detectives to the principal pawn-shops to act as clerks in the hope of catching the thieves in the act of disposing of the loot. Publication of that fact in the newspapers naturally made valueless a clever piece of police work.

All hail to what is believed to be the first American newspaper to so back up the authorities.

Put Yourself Into Your Work

IT is as true of police duty as it is of every other pursuit, that, if you are to succeed, you must put your own personality into your work.

It makes no difference whether you are pounding the pavements or sitting at a desk—your aim should be to get out of a rut—to refuse to follow others in lock-step fashion.

Any kind of a policeman can walk the sidewalks; any kind of a policeman can make arrests when he sees the law violated; that is just performing your duty in a routine sort of way.

That much is expected of every policeman; you get nowhere on the force beyond the number on your shield so long as that is the extent of your achievements.

You must work with your head, and have your heart in all you do. You must be in earnest; you must be thorough. Don't "guess" so and so; know whether it is a fact or not. Once you start on anything, go to the bottom to know all about it. Then you are master of the situation; then you can meet every inquiry from your superiors without dread that you will have to reply, "I don't know."

YEARS ago a great financier made an inspection trip over a railroad in which he was the largest owner. The President and Vice President of the road were of the party. The financier asked searching questions about track conditions, etc. The two officials would answer: "We don't know that detail; So and So can tell us; let's send for him."

So and So happened to be the train conductor. Like a policeman pounding the pavement, he had been up and down the road every day for years; but he had been doing more——

HE HAD KEPT HIS EYES OPEN, AND HIS BRAIN WORKING!

He KNEW where the road-bed was bad, and why; he KNEW when new rails had been laid, and also where they should have been laid and were not; he KNEW curves that should be straightened out, stations that needed repair.

The President and Vice President thought they could conduct that great business without knowing the facts—the little facts—about it; hence they made a sorry showing.

The financier did some thinking after that trip. Here was a train conductor who knew more about road conditions than the two highest officials! He sent for the train conductor and made him division superintendent; several years later, through continuous promotions, the conductor became president of the road.

Why was he promoted? Because he knew his job; because he did not just drift along; he put himself into his work!

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(*Continued from page* 11)

For answer there entered a blithe, spirited miss, dressed in the nun-like gray affected by certain nursing sisters. But the glint of copper beneath her hat and the warm tint of the cheeks served to collect the Captain's far-flung thoughts. This must be—

"I am Vera Conover," said the self-possessed young woman, "Mr. Donaldson asked me to come in and see you about Mrs. Nicoll."

Here the dark blue eyes looked straight into the Captain's. "Is it really true that she has you searching for me?"

"Yes, there's no doubt about it—we were searching for you."

Expert that he was in conveying meanings without too many words he put just the slightest emphasis on the "were."

The girl was apt at this game. Her eyes spoke her reception of the thought that activities on behalf of Mrs. Nicoll had come to an end.

"You are not exactly the young woman we thought we were looking for," said the Captain. "We were searching for a girl of seventeen and I'll venture you claim more than that—especially since Donaldson tells me you obtained a marriage license yesterday."

The young woman brought forth from her handbag what was to her a treasure. "Read that," was all she said.

And before him in the License Bureau's best style it was set forth that Vera Conover was twenty-two years of age, having been born on the twenty-seventh day of January, 1902, in Belvedere, N. J., and was to marry Bart Franklin of Oyster Bay.

"You swore to this, of course?"

"Certainly! Oh, I'll tell you all about the difference. My father was a railroad man and was killed in an accident before I was born. His name was Conover—so is mine. But my mother married a Frank Sinclair in Boonton, N. J., when I was a baby. They were divorced afterward and she was allowed to go back to her former name, which was Conover. She was still only twenty-two when I was four and she took me to a religious school near Morristown and left me there alone for five years.

"When I was nine Mrs. Nicoll, who is married to a rich man here in New York, took me out and I've worked for her ever since. She always insisted I was younger than I was, and, of course, I didn't know enough to really dispute her. But last year I got enough money together to go out to the Sisters' when Mrs. Nicoll was in a hospital—and I got my right age. I was twenty-one the day I left her, so you see she has no claim on me."

"And you are planning to be married?"

"Yes, we are to be married Sunday. I'm working as companion to an old lady up in East Seventieth Street—a job a friend of mine got me. I read to her—I've had a lot of practice at that, you know—reading to myself in bed—and I'm having the time of my life now, reading all the novels and stories I have heard about but never had a chance to read before. If you want to 'phone me there you can get me at Butterfield 9898."

"Just a moment—she gave your name as Sinclair?"

"That was the name I was under at the Sisters'—my mother's second husband's name. He was good to me, they say, even if not to her."

"One moment more—has Mrs. Nicoll any hold on you? She wants you to come back."

"So," and Captain Ayers thought that he had never seen a woman of her inches seem so tall. She straight-

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ened shoulders, neck and head in proud resolution. "So—that's it, eh? More work for me!

"I had really done her the credit of thinking that she might have inquired for me out of some wish for my welfare. She hasn't changed in the slightest, I see."

Then, as an afterthought—

"No, Captain, Mrs. Nicoll has no hold on me—won't you please tell her that. When I left I left for good."

"It's quite unnecessary to ask whether you will return, I see," said the Captain, "but will you see her?"

A troubled knitting of the rather fine brows as the dark eyes burned into his. "What good would it do, Captain. I don't want to talk to her."

All through the dialogue the young woman had been glancing at the clock. "Going to meet her fiance," thought the Captain. His was a rather pleasurable disillusion when she said:

"I must go now, Captain. I have an hour away from my invalid every afternoon, but it's time for me to return now."

"One last guess before you go," urged the Captain. "Had you met young Mr.—er Franklin, when you left Mrs. Nicoll?"

Womanlike there came a question as an answer.

"How did you guess it? I met him just the week before."

THE Captain's hair was rumpled and four plain tracks showed through it where puzzled fingers had groped before he took up the telephone about six o'clock. He called Mrs. Nicoll and in his own diplomatic way told her that he had found Vera.

"All right, when will she be up?"

The Captain was getting used to Mrs. Nicoll by this time, yet this bold retort took a bit of his breath away.

He broke the news that the girl was doing well—something his man Donaldson had verified when he had found her home—and that she seemed loath to return to Mrs. Nicoll.

"All right, just give me her address and I'll see that she comes back," was the emphatic rejoinder. There was no mistaking the iron-jawed resolution that snapped this out.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Nicoll, but I don't think——"

"You don't think? You don't think what?"

"That we can give the address."

Sounds as of a giant wind tearing down the wires. "Why, you little whippersnapper, if you don't give me that I'll——"

Undoubtedly there was more—but whatever was said must have made an empty wire sing. Captain Ayers had rung off at the first phrase.

One of the great remedies for mad wrath is to let it expend itself on empty air—or empty wires. Therefore the report that came to Captain Ayers at his home that night from the night man in the Missing Persons Bureau was no surprise to him. The man said a wild woman had called there to see the Captain, but that she seemed to be holding herself in check. Captain Ayers had no need to read the weather prognostications the next morning. He knew storm clouds were gathering.

The cloudhead burst with thunder and lightning about ten o'clock when Captain Ayers heard a shrill feminine voice in the outer office. He strode to the connecting doorway as his ears were assailed with unkind comments about the "Missing Persons Bureau hiding runaways."

"Mrs. Nicoll!" he said quietly enough from the doorway, but Donaldson, seated over by the rail, said he

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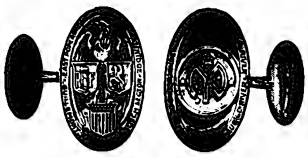

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never saw the chief's eyes flash blue lightning before. "Come in here, Mrs. Nicoll—but I want to warn you if you make one break such as you made last night you will be dealt with like any other disorderly person! Now come in!"

This woman was not inexperienced. By the time she was seated opposite the Captain she was dissolved in tears. Her play was to win the game—she cared not how.

But in that office tears were a well-worn story—less novel than tirades in fact.

"Captain, you are not treating either me or Vera right. I want to see that she is cared for——"

"You forget that she has a right to determine that for herself—if she refuses we have no right to intrude you on her privacy."

"She hasn't any such right at all. She's only seventeen and as I'm the one most interested in her, I have a right to control her. I insist that you return her to my house."

"If she were seventeen and were in bad company we would have power to act, but in the case of a girl who says she is twenty-two——"

"Just a common little liar."

"—and who has a good position, we can't interfere without some proof."

"You don't need any proof. Isn't my word good?"

"Her word has to be good with us, too. Besides, Vera is going to be married—you wouldn't want her to come back just when she is getting her wedding things together, would you?"

But appeals to kindliness or pity were wasted on this woman of the hard world.

"Married?" and she leaned forward over the Captain's desk. "That's just what I feared. One of my husband's assistants just back from a long trip to Europe is asking for her and I think she might make a real match. I'd like to see it, because that man will be head of the firm some day. My husband can't live forever, you know—and this would be a fine match. He used to like her."

"Does he know she ran away?"

"Not a bit of it. I told him I sent her to school and that I would bring her back this month."

"Still, we can't interfere in the absence of any real proof that the girl is under age—and if she is, I think she'll make us take the case to court."

"No! not that—she won't do that. You ought to take my word for it—she's under age. Am I not her—her best friend. I'm going down to the Mayor—that's what I'm going to do. I'll get my slavey back."

And she flounced out.

SO the secret of the woman's desire for the girl's return was a double one—and the secret was out—or was it?

Captain Ayers' mind worked over that question. There still was something intangible—elusive in the case. There were strange elements in the thing that still were unexplained.

And your true detective never lets drop a case until the last strange element has been explained. It is the unusual that furnishes the warp of the fabric he is consciously or unconsciously weaving in his brain. On these threads of the unusual he weaves the facts he discovers—and presto, of a sudden there is a completed pattern before him. So Captain Ayers clung to the unusual factors in the case, revolving them back and forth. Nor could he be satisfied so long as those factors remained unexplained. His thoughts returned to his own last pronunciamento in the case.

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"Was there proof?" Proof? Proof? Where was proof? He clapped his hands.

Then he picked up that first aid to his profession—the telephone and asked for the Headquarters operator for a toll connection.

CAPTAIN AYERS was jotting down memoranda on a pad when Mrs. Nicoll was again announced. This time there was no accompanying storm in the outer office. "She says the Mayor wasn't in, so she came back," said the doorman.

And here came Jezebel in a new guise.

"Captain," said the woman, "I've thought this over and I want to be friends with you. We can work together for this poor girl's good. All I want to do is to see that her future is protected. That's all you want, too. So why can't we help her? Everybody knows how good you are."

The wheedling voice went on in other fair speech, but Captain Ayers was not harkening. His face was working and two hands clenched tightly on the arms of his chair—white spots in the knuckles showing. A person less intent on her own story than was this woman would have become aware of a tension that was like to burst in a mighty discharge like an overcharged electric wire.

Captain Ayers plays the diplomat for the most part, but there are times when the garments of diplomacy are flung to the four winds—and this was such a time.

"Madam," he almost shouted as with shaking hand he threw out a denouncing finger, "You are the most unnatural mother I ever saw or heard of—even in the police business."

Men of his twinkling-eyed type often strike sparks in their anger—and then they are to be respected. But when they speak in cold-blue wrath—then they are to be feared by all men. And Captain Ayers' speech had the chill cut and bite of high speed tool steel as it scores through lesser metals and still remains cool and sharp and unimpaired.

The woman was taken aback for only a moment.

"How dare you speak to me like that—insulting me—I'll go straight to——"

"Go! I hope you do—because if you leave this room I'll call in the reporters and expose you, if it's my last act in this department."

The woman, blasted as if by the cold blue flame of lightning, sank back in her seat.

"Your daughter 's in the next room." Here the woman sought again to rise, but the Captain, standing over her in denunciation, motioned her down. "She's in the next room, but by the Great Jehovah, you shall never see her—not so long as we can assist her in her determination never to look on your face again."

"How did you know—how did you know?"

"Just by chance. When I asked the Sisters at the Orphanage about the girl's age they happened to mention that her mother took her away and had never paid for the girl's board, although they understood she had married a rich man in New York.

"Oh, don't think for a second that your daughter told. Not she—that girl is too thoroughly ashamed of her mother to ever acknowledge relationship to her."

"A judgment on me—a judgment on me," murmured the woman from a head bent beneath the drive of the man's words.

"Yes, a judgment—from that poor child in there who has just been down on her knees here sobbing out the story of how you treated her.

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"You, her mother, denied her from the time you took her out of the Orphanage.

"You made her your servant, not even letting your husband know her relationship. You made her act as a servant to your other daughter—to whom she would gladly have been a loving sister.

"You denied her an education, but she snatched one in spite of you.

"The poor girl wept here as she showed me cuts in her scalp caused by your blows—with a rolling pin.

"And you, her mother, drove her out so that she slept in the apartment hall—on the marble. Even your husband was kinder—took bedclothes out to her.

"She has told me of your making her out younger than she was so that you could have a servant for nothing longer. She says you lied about paying her money—that she never even had decent servant's clothes—not even when you took her to England with you and acquired that word slavey.

"Now tell me what made you worse than any dissolute brawler of the streets in the way you have treated your daughter?"

It was a whimpering woman who was now addressed. But she found voice under the lashing question.

"Oh, I daren't tell—I daren't tell. He'll leave me even now if he finds out."

"Who will leave you?"

"My husband."

"What has he to do with it?"

"It was all for him. But promise me you'll never tell him never, never."

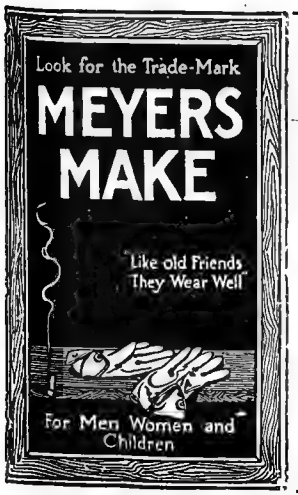
"Certainly."

"He said he would never marry a woman who had been married before. I had been introduced to him as Miss Conover and I kept up the pretense that I was a maid until finally he proposed to me.

"And then I didn't dare tell him. We were married and I lied to the officials and to the alderman who married us—we're not of the same faith, you know.

"And then I did not dare ever to tell him. I took my daughter out of the orphanage under my second husband's name and kept her as a servant because I never dared acknowledge her. I don't dare now—I don't dare now. It is a judgment on me for my lightness and my lying."

"A judgment, yes—and may the Lord have mercy on you.



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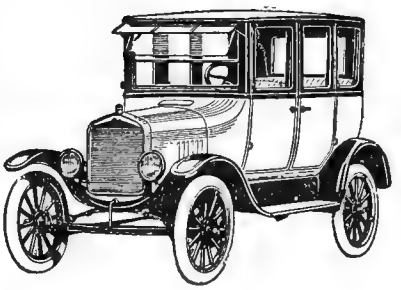

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(*Continued from page* 15)

crime, it was upon those samples that Balis really depended for success.

He claimed to hold in trust plates which had been stolen from the United States by Sammy Bender's dead relative. Because this relative and he belonged to the same fraternal order his great desire was to restore these plates to their "rightful owner," that is, the heir of the man who stole them. He didn't want any pay for those plates. Not he! All he desired was reimbursement for the expenses incurred in finding the man to whom they belonged.

Honor among thieves was his preachment. Though there is no such thing, and never has been. One thief will play fairly with another just so long as it suits his purpose, not an instant longer.

"Mr. Bender," said he, rising, "I want you, if you will, to jot down the numbers of those samples. Mr. Margolis and I are going now. To-morrow I will send you the finished bills, bearing those same numbers. Take them, spend them, and see for yourself how readily they will be accepted."

Sammy took the numbers, as requested. The two ex-mystery men took their departure, and I took mine directly afterward. I was not present at the next interview; there was no occasion, for now I knew what must happen, and it was not well to be seen by that precious pair any oftener than could be helped. The mystery was a mystery no longer. From a distance, however, I watched Margolis enter the Bender office. After he had left I called Sammy on the telephone and we made an appointment to meet outside.

SAMMY kept the appointment gleefully. He had with him the three bills, thirty-one dollars in all. To "make" them was a simple matter for Balis. All that he had to do was paste together the halves he had so carefully split. We purchased much good cheer, and offered those bills in payment, as Mr. Balis had requested. They were accepted, right enough. Why not? Who would refuse perfectly good Federal Reserve Bank bills? We felt that Balis had financed an exceedingly pleasant interlude in a long-drawn-out case.

During our talk Sammy informed me that events were moving swiftly. On the morrow our absent hosts, Balis and Margolis, had agreed to bring to the Burger office $50,000 in finished bills, together with the plates, and—this was exceedingly important—three more of those "unfinished" bills. In return Sammy was to give them $5,000 to reimburse them for their "expenditures."

Thus far the case had run absolutely true to form. So confident was I that it would continue to do so that I had already prepared for it by cutting a newspaper to the exact size of bills, with a genuine fifty on the outside and several one-dollar bills scattered within the roll, with their edges protruding ever so little, all of which gave it, to quote a certain highbrow criminologist, "convincing but fallacious verisimilitude."

This roll, which was supposed to contain the $5,000, I turned over to Sammy; afterward going home to rest, but not to sleep, as I had hoped. I had been working on this case since the fourteenth of November, and it was now December 23. The next day would tell the tale. Would

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it be a Merry Christmas for me or for the King of the Green-Goods Men?

DUSK of the next day found me dressed in brown overalls, with a leather bag of plumbers' tools, sitting in an empty truck that stood near Sammy's doorway. Soon I saw the men approaching and that Balis carried a package. I watched them as they entered. And, to my dismay, I heard Balis lock the door from within.

This wouldn't do at all. It wasn't a question of the men being able to escape by a back way. I knew they couldn't do that. But once their suspicions were aroused, I feared they might find time to make away with the evidence upon which my case depended.

Quick action was imperative. I went to the door, tried it, and then banged with indignant emphasis. It was unlocked, and through a crack of opening into which I thrust my foot, Balis told me that I couldn't come in. I assured him gruffly that I must come in, that I was from the gas company, and that I must get at the meter to turn it off because there was a leak upstairs. Balis still demurring, I put my shoulder to the door and forced an entrance just as Margolis came hurrying to the aid of his chief. I pushed them both back. Never before had I realized how useful a bag of plumber's tools might be to a cop. Then I flashed my shield.

They weren't at all the strong-arm variety of crooks, and gun-play was quite out of their line. Now that their game was up they just wilted. After handcuffing them and making a hasty search for weapons that I didn't find, the sense of relief was so great that I felt weak. There was no need now to hurry, so I sat down, smoked a good cigar and greatly enjoyed it.

Having finished it I went deliberately about the real work that had to be done. First I opened the package which Balis had given to Sammy with instructions that its seals should not be broken until he, Sammy, was at home and alone. It contained, as I knew it would, neat pieces of newspaper which Balis intended to sell for five thousand dollars. But the proof that such was his intent was what I now had to find. Those split bills were what I wanted. They and that bundle of newspaper clippings together would make my case, but without them the clippings were useless, my case would fall flat. I went after those split bills.

MY first search of the crooks' persons had been very perfunctory, merely patting them wherever weapons might be concealed. But this second search was different—very. It began, naturally, with their pockets. My own little bunch of camouflaged newspaper clippings was promptly disclosed, in the possession of Balis. So far, so good. At least I wouldn't have to explain the absence of that fifty-eight dollars to the Commissioner. But those split bills—where were they?

I searched and kept on searching, my heart, which had been so light, sinking steadily as I worked. I have "frisked" many men in my time, and know how to do it thoroughly, but never before nor since have I searched as I did them, with Sammy helping me in every way he could. The spirits of the crooks rose as mine went downward, but as I wasn't any too gentle with them toward the last, they allowed thier anger to show. I feared, when taking off their shoes, that they would try to plant one of them under my chin. It probably was lucky for me that they didn't, but it certainly was lucky for them.

I was sick—sick from the marrow out. Those crooks had had no chance to chew those split bills and swallow

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them. I had looked out for that. Nevertheless, the bills seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth. Despairingly I made a mental list of every possible place in which anything could be hidden. Each one had been searched before, except one. Balis had a package of cigarettes. He was the accredited King of the Green-Goods Men, a top notcher in his line, and a spender! Why should he have cigarettes when we all knew he smoked costly cigars?

I grabbed one of the King's cigarettes and tore it open. There was tobacco inside. Sammy did likewise, with a like result. I grabbed a third one and—glory hallelujah! it crackled! The split bill was inside. Two other cigarettes yielded two more split bills. My evidence was complete.

Once more I sat down, with a long sigh and a silly grin, so great was the relief. I looked at the two crooks, who now realized that they were fairly started on the road to those ten-years sentences which they still are serving. I couldn't help a gleam of pity. Truly, "the way of the transgressor is hard"—and the morrow, now only a few minutes away, would be Christmas Day.

But Sammy—no pity there! He thought of that day in Battery Park and whooped with joy. He began excitedly to plan a jubilee celebration. The coming holiday, it is true, is not one that is observed by those of his faith, but this Christmas, to him, would have a significance all its own.

You Who Walk

Don't run across the streets through heavy traffic. The busiest man I know wastes at least 30 minutes a day; why risk your life to save 5 seconds crossing the street?

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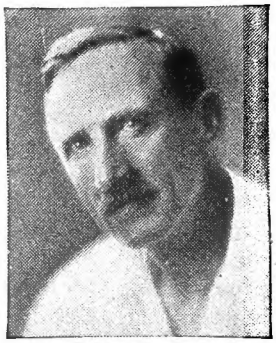

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Paragraphs About Police

This Department will be gradually expanded to cover a wide field. All police forces are invited to contribute items of special interest.

POLICE records for a single week in June prove that criminals from other cities have no easy time of it in New York. In seven days five out-of-town crooks of major importance ran afoul of the bluecoats and one of them died with his boots on in his first day in New York.

Early in the morning of June 7 Patrolman Thomas J. Cassidy, Fourth Precinct, was eating in a lunchroom on Broadway, near Reade street, when he heard two pistol shots, then cries of "Police!" Running into the street, hatless and coatless, Cassidy saw a man stagger from a store clutching his abdomen. The man proved to be the proprietor of a restaurant who had been shot by a hold-up man he had resisted. The bandit had then run south on Broadway and had turned the corner.

Cassidy made a hurried search of the surrounding blocks, and on Duane street, saw a man leaving a hallway with a small automatic revolver in his hand. Calling on the suspect to halt, Cassidy started after him, only to be met with a fusillade from the man's pistol. Dodging to right and left, firing as he ran, the man ran around into Worth street. Cassidy, chasing in earnest, held his fire until sure of felling the fugitive. Finally getting a bead on the running man, Cassidy pulled the trigger twice and the gunman dropped, shot through the chest and head.

On examination, a diary was found in the dead man's pocket, with an entry, "This is my first day in N. Y." He is supposed to have been Frank Richman, who had arrived the night before from San Francisco.

* * *

Philadelphia and Boston policemen marched impressively in the same line with New York bluecoats on the occasion of the recent parade in Fifth Avenue of the National Association of Masonic Clubs. The Police Square Clubs of the three cities gave good accounts of themselves.

Particular interest was shown in the appearance of the Philadelphia men, headed by their Director of Public Safety, Gen. Smedley D. Butler. A troop of mounted men marched in the Philadelphia column, and the whole effect was impressive. The men were in the new Oxford gray uniforms, cut with open collar, after the style of English army uniforms, and wore Sam Browne belts, supporting pistols in outside holsters. The traffic men, with their white cross belts, were especially noticeable to New Yorkers.

The Philadelphia contingent was received at the Battery by Commissioner Enright and escorted to City Hall, where Mayor Hylan greeted them. Governor Smith was the principal reviewing officer for the parade.

* * *

The International Association of Chiefs of Police begins its annual Convention in Montreal on July 14 under the presidency of Superintendent William P. Rutledge of Detroit. The principal topic for consideration will be the use of radio.

* * *

The other was a tenant who had caught Wieder robbing his apartment. Minhein took Wieder to the West 100th Street Station and he was later held to answer several charges. Wieder is the burglar who, under the name of Bernauer, was arrested for robbing the home of J. P. Morgan in September of 1912. He was then sentenced to ten years. He always operates in high-class apartment houses and family dwellings of the well-to-do.

* * *

When Salvatore Volpe left his home at 327 East Thirty-third street and invaded Richmond Hill with a pistol and a seven-inch stilleto he little figured on meeting a policeman. He went to the home of Angelo Namara, 1016 Ninety-

Royal Interest in Police

Among the royal personages who take a special interest in police work set down His Majesty King Rama VI (Chao Fa Mah Vaj Ir Av Udh) of Siam.

Major General Phya Atiken Prakart, Commissioner of Police at Bangkok, found the monarch tremendously interested in the proceedings of the International Police Conference held here last year, so much so that Gen. Prakart gave to the King his copy of the conference report and had to send for another for himself.

King Rama is of course perfectly at home in reading English, being a graduate of a great English university. He is among the most progressive of the world's monarchs, and is rapidly advancing the standards of life in his kingdom and the international position of Siam.

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fourth street, Richmond Hill, who had received word that he was to be murdered and had asked for a police guard. Patrolman Otto Ebbler was the guard, and when Volpe appeared Ebbler escorted him to the station and thence to court.

* * *

When Simon Hirsch of 384 New York avenue, Brooklyn, attempted to quiet a big Negro who was threatening a young couple, the negro turned on Hirsch and cut his throat. The assailant escaped and no one could be found who knew the murderer. As Hirsch was the father of several small children, there was a city-wide demand that the murderer be caught.

Detective Sergeant Custane and Detectives Egbert, O'Brien and Flattery used a dragnet in the various Negro sections and in three weeks captured from description Sam Walker, of South Jamaica, who is accused of the crime.

* * *

Deputy Chief Inspector Dominick Henry has just received a Reserve commission in the Regular Army. Through the efforts of General Weigel, Commander of the Reserve Corps, Inspector Henry has been commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of Military Police. Many of the New York Police hold commissions in the army, and their efforts in helping the Citizens' Military Training camps have earned them the highest praise from Army officials.

* * *

As a result of more than 2000 raids in a year, Special Deputy Commissioner Dr. Carlton Simon had a collection of seized drugs and appliances valued at more than $2,000,000. The stock was so large that it was decided to destroy all but "evidence." On Friday, June 13, a fire set by Commissioner Enright burned all the drug fiends' paraphernalia.

* * *

To show appreciation for the work of wives and sisters who have done much to make Anchor Club affairs a success, the club gave a Ladies' Night on June 21 at the clubhouse, 414 West Twenty-first street.

* * *

While in camp at Peekskill with the Riot Battalion Captain Schofield arranged a competitive drill for squads, the prize being a solid silver cup twenty inches high. The judges were General Traub, General Berry and Colonel Metz. After much deliberation the judges decided that Squad B had won. They later told Captain Schofield that the sixteen squads were so evenly matched that they had thought to call the event a tie.

* * *

The new Greenpoint Station House is rapidly nearing completion, and it is expected that the house will be formally opened in October. Several Greenpoint civic organizations are making arrangements to celebrate the occasion. A parade, luncheon and block party have been planned for and invitations are to be sent to prominent speakers to assist at the dedication.

* * *

The heroism of the police was again brought to light early on June 11 when Patrolman Charles Brown, of Parkville Station, entered a burning building at 163 Chester street and in the nick of time rescued a young mother and two small children, three and four years old respectively. As he gained the street the whole building burst into flames.

* * *

On Tuesday, June 10, the newly formed Policewomen's Benevolent Association gave a luncheon at the Hotel Astor, the women set a mark for the other organizations when they recently held a "speechless dinner."

* * *

What doing duty "among the goats" means is shown by a hitherto unrecorded event that recently has brought peace to the Fort Hamilton district. Property owners there complained that a goat of prodigious appetite, known locally as "Ella," had been feasting on hedges and rose bushes—whole hedges and whole bushes having vanished down her gullet.

Therefore Patrolman Joseph Brady was detailed to round up the goat. Arming himself with a lariat and disguising himself as a friend to all goats, he set forth. He escorted Ella to the station and introduced her to the cells. She seemed to like them, but the reserves didn't reciprocate her kindly feeling. When the owner appeared and promised to keep Ella and her appetite at home there was a celebration.

* * *

Quick work on the part of Patrolman Albert Hazlitt, of the Bathgate Avenue Station, saved the lives of four men who were thrown into the water from an overturned motorboat tender off Harding Point bungalow colony. Hazlitt dived into the river and, with the aid of one of the men, the only one who could swim, succeeded in getting all ashore safely. He reached shore exhausted.

* * *

As the children who marched in Brooklyn's great Anniversary Day parade were disbanding a bandit grabbed a payroll amounting to $901 from the arms of Miss Minnie Siegel, bookkeeper for Cohn Brothers, 293 Essex street, East New York. In running away the thief knocked over several children and disappeared.

Screams of the little ones brought Patrolman Charles Gerhardt, who was off duty and on his way home. Hearing the story, Gerhardt decided that in all probability the thief would try to get out of the neighborhood as soon as possible. Since the quickest way was the Fulton street "L," he ran to the Cleveland street station, where he found a man answering the description given by Miss Siegel mounting the stairs to the platform.

Gerhardt caught the man and took him back to the scene of the robbery. The money, still wrapped in paper, was in his possession. With his prisoner safely stowed in the station house Gerhardt continued on his way home. On examination the prisoner is George Ahrens, recently released from Westchester County Jail, and with a record of long terms in Sing Sing.

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